

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDMUND BOHUN.\*

AMONG the thousand names that flit across the brilliant but not unprejudiced pages of Lord Macaulay's History,† to be rescued for a moment from the accumulated oblivion of long bygone generations, we meet with that of Edmund Bohun; a man whose evil fortune it was, in the early days of Whig and Tory, to appear before the public, for a few brief months, in a public capacity of a most invidious nature, that of Censor of the Press. If success in life is to be regarded as the sure and only test of ability—an hypothesis that we are by no means prepared implicitly to adopt—Bohun, it must be admitted was any thing but a man of ability; for, to amplify the prefatory remarks of the learned Editor of the work about to be introduced to the reader's notice, disappointment upon disappointment followed him through life; year after year did he struggle for employment, but without success; no sooner had he obtained public employment than he was compelled to relinquish it with disgrace; and as to the numerous political and miscellaneous works that flowed from his ever-ready pen, not only did they bring him but little fame in his lifetime, but, for the last century and a half, their doctrines have been wholly exploded or superseded, and the tomes themselves have been consigned to an unmolested repose amid the dust and cobwebs of our upper library shelves.

Despite, however, of these seeming indications of incompetence, Lord Macaulay, it appears to us, has meted but scant justice in his estimate of Bohun, as "a man of some learning, mean understanding, and unpopular manners;" for had he been at the pains of examining Mr. Rix's book somewhat less superficially—a work which he justly pronounces to be "in the highest degree curious and interesting"—he might, we think, have found

\* "The Diary and Autobiography of Edmund Bohun, Esq. With an Introductory Memoir, Notes, and Illustrations, by S. Wilton Rix." (Privately printed at Beccles, by Read Crisp. 4to.)

† History of England, vol. iv., *sub annis* 1692, 1693.

enough to convince him that the autobiographer was a man of considerable learning, of more than average talent, of clear understanding, when not warped by his peculiar political opinions, of deeply religious convictions, and animated through life by a conscientious desire to do his duty to all men. The secret cause of his ill-success, we have little doubt, was the austerity of his manners, his melancholic temperament, a tinge of pedantry, and an unbending determination, carried to an unnecessary obstinacy perhaps to adhere to his own convictions, and neither to fawn upon the favor of the great, nor to pander to the wayward impulses of the mob. Unfortunately, too, for himself, though in his own peculiar way, he was a steadfast maintainer of the "right divine of kings," and stoutly held to employ the language of the noble historian, "that pure monarchy, not limited by any law or contract, was the form of government which had been divinely ordained;" a doctrine the assertion of which, —though in these days, when among Englishmen it is pretty universally agreed that kings, like other political institutions, are made for men, and not men for kings, it is all but exploded—did by no means of necessity imply meanness of understanding, considering the period at which he lived; an era at which the moral and intellectual perceptions of men of all parties,\* when influenced by their political prejudices, were singularly obtuse.

Mr. Rix's work, privately printed as it is, and limited, therefore, in its circulation, we presume, to a favored few, will go but little way towards rescuing Edmund Bohun's name from either oblivion or disparagement; and for the same reason it will of necessity be but little known in the other capacity which it is laudably intended to fulfil—that of a contribution to the still incomplete topography of Suffolk. As it has been our good fortune to have a copy of this able work placed at our command, we are enabled to say, after a careful perusal of its contents,

\* Witness, for example, the shameful conduct of the "patriot" managers at Lord Stafford's trial, in 1678.

that Lord Macaulay has by no means set too high an estimate upon it, and that much of its information is of a very curious and recondite nature. We shall, therefore, do our best, omitting all notice of its purely heraldic and topographical information, to give our readers some insight into the nature of the work, by placing before them a selection from the more prominent passages that bear reference to the life and fortunes of Edmund Bohun. First, however, we must find room for a few preliminary words in reference to such particulars respecting him as are not to be gathered from the Diary.

Edmund Bohun was born at Ringsfield, near Beccles, in Suffolk, on the 12th of March, 1645. In 1663 he was admitted a Fellow-Commoner at Queens' College, Cambridge, where he remained about three years, but left, in consequence of the prevalence of the plague, without taking a degree. In 1669, he married Mary, daughter of William Brampton, of Pulham, in Norfolk, and in the following year went to reside on his ancestral estate, at Westhall in Suffolk. By this marriage he had nine children, four of whom survived him—three sons and a daughter. In 1698 Bohun obtained, through what influence is now unknown, the office of Chief Justice of the colony of South Carolina, at a pittance of £60 per annum, in addition to certain fees. Hardly had he arrived, than he was involved in fresh troubles, owing partly, to all appearance, to his own natural warmth of temper. His vexations, however, were of but short duration; for he was carried off by fever, on the 5th of October, 1699, and was buried at Charleston, a fact but recently ascertained. His wife, who remained behind in England, died in 1719. His lineal descendants are now extinct.

The Diary, which is now in the possession of Richard Bohun, Esq., of Beccles, occupies 114 pages, commencing with the year 1377. The earlier portion of it is written in Latin; because, as the writer says in his introductory lines, "it is written for himself only, and not for others," and it is his particular desire "that his servants shall not pry into it." At the end of a year it seems to have been kept with less exactness than heretofore, and the Latin is gradually abandoned up to 1684; after which year the Diary is wholly written in English.

To commence our extracts from the Diary.

—It appropriately opens with an acknowledgement of the beneficence of the Deity, "Who," as the writer says, "hath kept me by His mercy and goodness, from many calamities which I have deserved. To Him I dedicate the remainder of my life."

We have not far to go before we meet with strong proofs of the writer's melancholic complexion. He in all probability needed consolation rather than reproof, and from a wife more particularly; who would almost appear to have taken pleasure in aggravating his sorrows:—

"April 11, 1677. [*Trans.*] My wife admonished me that I was hated by many gentlemen on account of my talkativeness, and because I speak at too great length. I certainly am conscious of being disliked, but why I know not. I have never, unless extremely provoked, uttered the slightest reproach against any one; and no one have I injured. Yet I am beloved only by the clergy and some other learned persons, with whom I chiefly associate. What then is to be done? I must speak seldom, briefly, and only when requested; must keep back many things, be silent on many subjects, and not communicate my writings to any but my nearest friends."

In our next extract we find a singular combination of benevolence and eccentricity. The gaol was probably that at Blithburgh, in Suffolk; and the unfortunate clergyman it has been suggested, may have been a son of John Hackett, bishop of Lichfield and Coventry,—

May 16, 1677. [*Trans.*] I went to our nearest gaol, to give bail for Mr. John Hackett, a clergyman, long and wretchedly oppressed. While he was writing out the recognizance, I, for the sake of cheering the prisoners, visited them, and relaxed unto all kinds of jokes. They lifted up their hands and eyes, as though wondering, nay, astounded, at my wit. The chief flatterer, the gaoler, that he might wheedle me out of my money, praised every thing I said. This flattery greatly pleased me for a time; yet I bantered him very severely. The others I spared, for I would not pain the miserable. As I returned I better considered what I had done, and I now abhor my own folly. For I am of a disposition by no means merry, and but little suited "to the refined nostrils of such men."\* and to that which *rideri possit* [may give cause for laughter]. Hence I

\* "Minus aptus acutis Naribus horum hominum." A very bungling adaptation of the words of Horace i, Sat. iii. 29, 30.

learn how bitter and penetrating is the poison of flattery, breaking forth everywhere and insinuating itself, like something contagious, into the inmost recesses of the heart. For the future, by God's help, I will beware of delusions of this kind."

August 20, 1678, he curtly but compunctiously says—(*Trans.*), "I have been talking very much more than was becoming; I must therefore be cautious for the future." His wife's lecture no doubt recurs to his mind.

In July, 1681, he begins his "Address to the Freeman and Freeholders of the Nation," which he completes in three parts on the 15th of October following.

July 12, 1683, he mentions his commencement of "The Justice of the Peace, his Calling: a Moral Essay;" which he brings to a conclusion on the 15th of August following. This last work was published anonymously, in 1684.

In 1684, owing partly to political events, partly to his increasing family and the smallness of his means, troubles begin to gather thick upon him. Abandoning, in this instance, his original Latin, he thus expresses himself in his self-communings:—

"April 4, 1684. God hath permitted my enemies to be increased, and not wrought the delivery of the afflicted neither. . . . I am hated, slandered, persecuted, for endeavoring to help the widdow and the fatherless, the destitute and oppressed; and if, after all, there be truth in the thing, I shall bear the blame of it. God knows how severely I have admonished not to add sin to sin; but it is not possible to escape scandal in this case. I am in great difficulties every way, and desirous to extricate myself, if I knew how. But to run with the rabble, and condemn by the event, becomes me not."

He evidently hints here at some dispute between himself and his brother magistrates, with many of whom he seems not to have been on terms of cordiality. April 6, he continues to a similar effect:—

"My estate in the world, for some time, hath been very uneasy, by reason of my debts, the number of my family and children, and the poverty of my tenants. And being thus heavily oppressed, and much of this brought upon me by others, and my wife being less able to bear this want than I, I confess I have often, in my heart, murmured against the Divine Providence, and envied the happiness of them who had better estates or more profitable employments in the world; which

must needs make their lives more easy. And though I would not purchase my relieve with doing the least known injury, yet I do sometimes too passionately desire to be eased of my burthen."

About Whitsuntide, 1684, his two principal servants marrying, he determines to place his estate at Westhall, with his two youngest children, in the hands of his said two servants, and to "trie how he can live one year in London:—"

"We had many reasons for this. First, I had been extremely ill-used by my fellow-justices, in the execution of my office; and by one Captain Hall, three several times in publick; and though I demanded justice against him, yet I could get no redress; but their unkindness daily encreased, so that the countrey became extreemly uneasy to me. 2. I had then a faire prospect of getting some preferment; the Archbishop of Canterbury [Dr. Sancroft,] the Earl of Arlington, then Lord Chamberlain of the household, and Sir Leoline Jenkins, formerly Secretary of State, beeing all three my friends, and having promised me their assistance to that end. 3. We had lived 14 years at Westhall with great difficulty and in great want, and had struggled hard with our debts and the difficulties of the times; and perhaps we might, some way or other, mend our conditions. However, we should have fewer servants and cares, and perhaps as small expenses."

His intention, however, seems not to have been carried out till after Michaelmas; when upon arriving in London, he finally settles in Cross-key-court, (now Cross-key-square,) in Little Britain; the very "place," as Mr. Rix observes, "for a bookish man." *Tempora mutantur*;—how many Suffolk squires would be content at this day with London lodgings in Cross-key-court, Little Britain?

The close air, however, of this London court soon does its evil work. During the first month, his wife has "a sharp fit of sickness, which makes her extreemly uneasy," and no sooner is she recovered than his daughter and a kinswoman, whom he has "brought up," whatever that may mean, "fall down of the small-pox." Amid these miseries, he writes a preface to Sir R. Filmer's *Patriarcha*, and edits an amended edition of this once-celebrated work in advocacy of the "right divine of kings." Though unnoticed in the Diary, he had previously published "A Defence of Sir Robert Filmer against Algon Sidney's Paper delivered to the Sheriffs

upon the Scaffold." It was at this period, too, that he published a translation (also unnoticed) of "The Origin of Atheism in the Popish and Protestant Churches," from the Latin of Dorotheus Sicurus.

To revert, however, to the Diary, *sub anno* 1685; reminding the reader that Charles II. has just ended his mis-spent life:—

"Soon after the king's [James II.] declaring of himself a Romane Catholick, I began a version of Bishop Jewel's 'Apologie for the Church of England;' that I might contribute what I could to the preservation of the Church in this her great danger on that side. And, to this end, I added the Bishop's Life, and 'an Epistle concerning the Council of Trent.'"

This work, we may remark, was published anonymously. By Lowndes, Bohun's version has been erroneously attributed to Degory Wheare; owing, probably, to Antony Wood's notice of Bohun, under the head of "Wheare," in connexion with the book just mentioned:—

"In the same time I made also a version of Mr. Wheare's 'Method of Reading History,' at the request of Mr. Charles Brome, of Paul's Church Yard stationer. And, the fanaticks growing very troublesome for a toleration, and uniting with the papists in their clamors against the Church of England, I wrote also, and printed, a small 'Apologie for the Church of England against the Men of no Conscience;' which was published that very day this loyal parliament first met."

Making cursory mention of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, and the end of his party, he for the moment takes a somewhat brighter view of things:—

"July 15, 1685. And now I had the pleasure to be quiet and safe in London; when they who had driven me from my home were full of anxiety and trouble, and scarce knew which way to turn them. This winter and somer all the necessaries of life were extreame dear and scarce, by reason of the drought of the preceding and of this somer also; but having a small family, we made a very good shift."

In August, 1685, with his family, he visits Westhall, lets his estate for three years, sells his stock, renews his oath as justice of the peace, gives his thirteenth charge at Beccles Sessions, and returns to London on the 16th of October, to find that he has lost his friends, Sir Leoline Jenkins, by death; added to which misfortune:—

"Next, the Lord North, Lord Chancellor of England, died, out of fear he should lose his place. He was my good friend, too, and might have done me good, if he had lived."

On his arrival in London, fresh annoyances await him; which result in his reoccupying his former lodgings. Alas for the attractive courts and *gardens* of Little Britain! Bricks and mortar, soot and smoke, have made sad work of them since his day:—

"I went back to London, leaving my wife and children behind, to follow me; as they did, when I had provided them lodgings. Which being inconvenient, I took only for a small time; but we were forced to live in them till Our Lady [day]; though they were dark, stinking, and inconvenient, and I was heartily ashamed of them when any of my better friends came to see me. Our former landlord had promised to rebuild and raise the house we had dwelt in the year before, and make it fit for my now bigger family, in one month's time; but he failed, and kept us out till that time. I chose to live in this place, because we had a garden to walk in, and two courts for our children to play in; and the rents were not so high neither as in other places."

More misfortunes; his three youngest children and two maid-servants now "fall down of the small-pox;" and even worse:—

"About the same time the Earl of Arlington died also. So that now all my friends, but the Archbishop of Canterbury, were dead and had left me in the same mean and low station they found me; none of them having done anything for me but Sir L. Jenkins, who gave me eleven guineas."

Astounding liberality on the part of Sir Leoline! it savors somewhat of the Oxford leather breeches, which he so carefully preserved. However, as our Diarist makes no further comment about it, and elsewhere speaks of Sir Leoline as a generous man, we must leave him to pocket the affront as he best may. His publishing schemes, too, now begin to be visited with unsucces, and his wife, with her usual ill-temper, contrives to make bad worse:—

"My wife, also, was so very uneasy in her ill lodgings, that she gave me little rest; and I would as gladly have relieved her if I had had power. But I could not. So that still my troubles pursued me. This winter I wrote a 'Defence of the Clergy and Church of England against the Papists,' which was rejected when it was desired to be licensed; as another discourse I had written, whilst I



was in the country, for promoting the conversion of our negro slaves, was before. So that both these designs failed. I did nothing else all this winter; being so incommodated in my lodgings, and disturbed by the sickness of my family, and other troublesome accidents, that I had little heart to undertake anything. But yet I made some attempts to have gained a Master in Chancery's place, of which I had a faire prospect; but it onely proved matter of charge and damage to me; being defeated in all I went about."

For near a twelvemonth he continued, he says, "without any employment;" but the following winter, we are glad to learn, he "spent, in great peace and quiet, in London; meeting with little other difficulty than that of the return of moneys."

In March, 1687, our Diarist "is forced to removed into Charterhouse Yard." His limited means were not improbably the moving cause: as Charterhouse Yard (or Square), Sir John Bramston tells us, in his "Autobiography," was a sort of border residence, being "as it were, between London and Middlesex," he would escape payment of certain taxes and contributions levied in both. In the same month also he commenced the first month (January) of a translation of the "Universal Historical *Bibliothèque*" of Le Clerc; the two succeeding months of which were also subsequently translated and published.

About this period Bohun received a small accession of fortune by the death of the widow of his uncle Humphrey, who, owing to the early death of his father, had brought him up:

"Business growing upon me," he says, "and I having now undertaken so much that I could scarce tell which way to turn me, I could scarce spare the time for my public or private prayers. But I was forced to drudge on, and, in humor or out of humor, to perform my task. The death of my aunt Bohun, however, laid an indispensable necessity upon me of returning into my own country, to take up her estate and to pay off the legacies given out of it by my uncle's will."

Accordingly, on the 6th of May he left London, and arrived at Westhall on the 7th, having taken up his eldest son Humphrey at Woodbridge, where he was at school. From his self-communications while at Westhall on this occasion, we learn his motives for so actively pursuing the calling of an author!

"Since I began to write for the press I

have had so much business and so little leisure, either for my own private business or the exercise of my religion, that I have scarce said any prayers some whole days. This most be altered. The reason why I took up this was, because I found my estate would hardly support me and my family, as my tenants were able to pay it; and therefore I was willing to take any paines for an addition, and to earn my bread and part of theirs with the hardest labor; as I have done: not out of covetousness, for, when all is done, it is not so considerable as to move that passion or excite the hope of growing rich; but purely out of necessity, to support my family in that chargeable place and in these dismal times. And therefore I hope my good God, who has showed me mercy in all estates, will, by His grace and His providence, so order things that I shall be able to escape the temptations on all hands; and that He will shortly bring me back to my deare country again, where I desire to spend the remainder of my days, and in which I would faine die, and be buried with my ancestors, in peace, if it may please Him."

Great as was Bohun's enthusiasm for the "right divine of kings," his zeal for the Church of England was even greater. As he was not exactly the man to hide his light under a bushel, his election soon became known at court, and here we have the speedy result:

"In this year (1687) the struggles grew very great between the popish party and those of the Church of England; and I being engaged in it to a publick disputation with one of the priests belonging to Whitehall, I treated his reverence with so little respect that I was, for it, turned out of the commission of the peace for the county of Suffolk; and continued so till the abdication of King James II. By this means, and my living in the city of London, I was wholly unconcerned in the troubles of those times, and never examined, as others were."

The abrogation of the penal laws and test, and the exercise of the dispensing power, were the points upon which, by royal mandate, the justices of the peace, throughout the country, were at this period strictly examined.

Bohun's literary occupations this year were "A Geographical Dictionary," published in 1688; and a translation of Sleidan's "History of the Reformation,"\* published in 1689. At the commencement of the following year, he was engaged upon an edition of Heylyn's

\* Considered by Mr. Rix to have been Bohun's best production.

"Cosmography;" which, however, remained unpublished till 1703, after his death.

May 26, 1688, Bohun pays a short visit to Suffolk. Political events are quickening apace, and his zeal for the Church of England evidently blinds him to the absurdity of the story as to the illegitimacy of the Prince of Wales; the "young Perkin" who was smuggled into the Queen's apartment in a warming-pan—as the Whigs would have it:

"In this time the pretended Prince of Wales was borne. At my return I was advised not to speak anything of the prince's birth; for that I should be whipped at a cart's tail if I did. 'Why,' said I, 'have they managed their business so as to have his birth questioned?' 'Yes,' said my monitor, who was after that a great Jacobite. I must confess this startled me; but the more, when he came to be praised for in the Church; when I saw the women look sideways of their fans and laugh one upon another. And some ministers asked me if they might legally pray for him whom they believed to be an impostor; to which I said, 'Ay, they were no judges.' During the time I was below [i. e. in the country], I spake often and so seriously of the coming of the Prince of Orange, that I was in some danger for it. But all men seemed then to desire nothing more. As for me, I knew nothing of it, but by conjecture from the present state of affairs; which seemed to need it. About Michaelmass, we first heard of his design; and all men then rejoiced at it as a deliverance sent by God. In November the newscame he was landed in the west; and I was neither overjoyed nor sad, because I feared the event both ways."

The following passage is graphic; but after our previous extracts, we can hardly believe that Bohun was as yet wholly undecided as to his future course:

"The Tuesday following the Prince of Orange entered London, and was received with such transports of joy as I never saw; the people putting oranges on the ends of their sticks, to shew they were for him. For my part, I was yet not resolved any way; but stood gazing what would be the event. But a clergyman that stood by me, frowning said, 'I don't like this.' Another said, 'How was the king \* received?' 'Coldly,' 'Why then there is no pity for him,' said the other. This gave me occasion to feare we might divide. That which most troubled me was the praying for King James, as king, when he was gone, and we desired him no more. This looked so hypocritically that I hated it,

\* James, on his return from Feversham, after his attempted escape.

and resolved not to have any share in those prayers."

By the ensuing January, at all events, he seems to have made up his mind; though from the following extract it would seem that he still thought it desirable not to pronounce himself openly a Williamite:

"In Jan<sup>y</sup> a clergyman put out an half sheet, pretending we were bound in conscience to recall King James; to which I put out an answer, which was *betrayed* by W. Kettlebuy, a stationer, to the party, and brought them about my ears."

The result was, that he now "lost his two best and greatest friends," Archbishop Sancroft and Dean Hickee; "and in a short time," he says, "all the rest followed them; so that, by the end of February, I had not one friend left; and many men that I conversed with being of the contrary party unknown to me, betrayed and bantered me; I suspecting nothing from them who had ever before loved me."

On the removal of Sir Roger L'Estrange from the office of Licensor of the Press, Bohun made a feeble attempt to obtain it, but to no purpose; for, in his own words, "all his friends were gone; and Whitehall was then inhabited by those he had no interest in." The office was bestowed upon "Mr. Frazier,\* a Scot by nation and inclination."

The Jacobites holding that James had only *deserted*, and not *abdicated*, the throne, a violent paper war now ensued, and Bohun of course took up his pen in favor of the latter position:

"One of these prints, called 'The Desertion discussed,' writ by one Coleman, a minister, occasioned my writing 'The History of the Desertion;' which more angered my Jacobite friends, but was praised only by the other side."

"Praised only, and not rewarded," we presume to be his pregnant meaning. "The Desertion discussed," we may remark, is attributed by Antony Wood, not to Coleman but to Jeremy Collier.

As some acknowledgment, though but a very barren one, of his good offices, he is now restored to the magisterial bench; in society, however, for which he has evidently but little relish:—

"June 6, 1689. I was again sworn justice

\* James Fraser, better known as "Catalogue Fraser."

of the peace for Suffolk, with one Pacey, of Leistoff [Lowestoff], a dissenter. I lived then in London, and neither desired nor regarded it; but took it up purely to shew I was hearty to their Majesties' government."

With the view, in all probability, of vindicating his consistency, and of shewing that though no longer a Jacobite, he was still a Filmerite, he now published a small work intitled "The Doctrine of Non-resistance or Passive Obedience no way concerned in the Controversies between Williamites and Jacobites."

In October 1689, he gave a charge at Beccles Sessions—"to shew," he says, "my reasons for joining with the present government." Misfortune, however, still pursued him, and spite of his endeavors, he contrived to please nobody, and to make many enemies, but no friends:—

"The Jacobite and Williamite equally fell upon my last book; and I was attacked with great spite, and slandered by both. But I was resolved to write no more; the government suffering books to be printed with license, for and against the doctrine, and [shewing] that the subjects owed nothing but a peaceable demeanour, though they had sworn allegiance. So that men wrote and spake of the king with as little respect or ceremony as of the constable of the parish."

At the close of the summer he "puts his eldest son to Cambridge, and binds his third son to a leather-seller," destinations in singular contrast, to all appearance. This, he says, was a great expense to him; "the war in Ireland and Scotland, and abroad, being hot, and charges great." Though his estate had been increased by the death of his aunt, and, more recently, his mother, rents were so ill-paid that, by the year 1689, he "found himself necessitated to increase his debt to live;" a mortgage probably being the debt alluded to.

Steadfastly refusing to take the oath of allegiance, Archbishop Sancroft was suspended from his office on the first of August, 1689, and was finally deprived on the 1st of February following. He was permitted, however, to reside at Lambeth till the ensuing August, where he maintained the same retinue and splendor of establishment as he had previously done. In hopes, possibly, of making converts to his opinions, Bohun seems to have attended more than once at the ex-Archbishop's public dinners:—

"At Epiphany, I went to dine with the

Archbishop Sancroft, who was still at Lambeth. When I asked him blessing, he answered with an unpleasant look and tone; so I rose and stood by him a little abashed; though I expected it, and was armed against it. Before I sat down, one of the servants whispered Mr. Alexander, of the Custom-house, three times in the ear, that I was not welcome; and that he was come with one that was not welcome. But this was unknown to me. Nobody carved to me, or drank to me, but my friend that came with me. This I observed; but I expected it, so it did not disturb me."

This surely must have been the last of our Diarist's attendances at the ex-Archbishop's "ordinary table," as Pepys calls it. Indeed, he himself informs us that having received sundry insults from one Mr. Hatton, within the precincts of the palace, and from Dr. Newman, the Archbishop's chaplain, he "broke for good and all with this party; despising their impotent rage, as not worth his notice."

With the following extracts we end his rebuffs from the Jacobite party:—

"Soon after, I met with Bishop Ken, in W. Kettlebuy's shop, and fell down on my knees and asked him blessing. Afterwards, I heard he enquired who I was; and, being told, he said, 'I forgive the little scribbler,' or to that purpose. I met, soon after, also with Dr. Hicks, and spoke friendly and respectfully to him; but he received me and my address with that coldness that I took my leave of him, and left him; and I have never seen him since. He lost the deanery of Worcester by his stubbornness, and lives now, about town, concealed, and dares not shew his head."

About this time probably Bohun translated "The Present State of Germany" from the Latin of Puffendorf; published under a borrowed name, in 1690. His literary labors, however, were soon brought to a standstill:—

"Paper became so deare, that all printing stopped, almost; and the stationers did not care to undertake any thing; and there was no help that way."

Fresh troubles still await him. Dale Hall, in Suffolk, to which he now retires, had been left him by his grandfather, Edmund Bohun:—

"By this time the taxes were grown so heavy, the tenants paid their rent so ill, and there went so much money to my children, that I became very melancholy, and feared I

should be ruined by it. One Robert Osborne, my tenant at Dale Hall, was about £300 in my debt; and besides spoiled my estate. So I resolved to part with him on any terms; though I went into it myself. Much I labored to let that estate; but I could not. So with great anguish of mind, I went down to Ipswich in August; and left my wife in London, to dispose of my family and put off my house. I left the farm in the tenant's hands till Our Lady, 1691. And then I went into it with a sorrowful heart: because I was forced to borrow money to stock it, and paid excessive taxes besides. I lived here in great poverty and distress; being loth to encrease my debt, and scarce able to subsist: allways, when I was alone, calling upon God for some relief."

About this time (1690-1) he wrote "The Character of Queen Elizabeth;" which, however, he was unable to get printed till he became Licensor of the Press himself.

Another year comes; but only to find him worse off than ever:—

"1692. The taxes continued high, yea, encreased, in the next year. So that I fell into such poverty that it was a shame to me. but I resolved to beare all patiently; that I might maintain my eldest and most beloved son in Cambridge, for whom I would willingly have sacrificed my life. This year proved also very unseasonable; and I had the vexation to see my crop strided with the incessant raines. So that I lived a life truly full of misery, poverty, and disquiet."

In August he hears that the Licensor's place is again vacant\*; but he now despairs:

"I had neither money nor friends; and so could not pretend to it, now I lived at that distance. So I committed myself to God and resolved to struggle out a poor, obscure life, as well as I could."

Owing, however, to the friendly offices of Dr. Moore, bishop of Norwich, when least expected, he obtains the appointment, and on the 7th of September receives his commission, at a stipulated salary of £200 per annum:—

"And now," says he, "I thought myself the happiest man alive. His Lordship† also paid me, at my enterance, £25 to put me into cloathes, which were shamefully mean then."

\* Fraser had incautiously licensed Walker's book, proving that Bishop Gauden, and not Charles I., was the author of *Icon Basilike*. Hence the necessity for his resignation.

† Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham, the Secretary of State.

No sooner is he appointed than the Whigs begin to murmur at his determination to put a check upon what he calls "the intolerable liberties" which they had taken of late "against the monarchy and the Church," and to spread reports that, spite of his professions, he is still a Jacobite at heart. So far from abetting their virulence against the fallen party,—

"I, on the contrary," he says, "would suffer nothing to pass that might exasperate any of the parties; and treated the book-sellers with all the kindness and address that was possible; reading, to the hazard of my health and eyes, to dispatch their business, and not disobliging any man in anything, as far as was possible."

At this period, as we learn from the pages of Macaulay, a "History of the Bloody Assizes" was about to be published, and was expected to have as great a run as the "Pilgrim's Progress." But, true, to his determination, the new Censor refused his *imprimatur*. The book, he said, represented rebels and schismatics as heroes and martyrs, and he would not sanction it for its weight in gold. His motive, in this instance, may have been questionable; the act undoubtedly was right. The flames of discord had been sufficiently kindled; no additional fuel was needed.

In the midst of his official labors, domestic sorrows overtake him:—

"Dec. 2. I received an account that my beloved son [Humphrey] was dead at Cambridge. He was then to have taken his degree, and, overstudying himself, fell into a melancholy and distrust of himself; and in it, concealing it from his tutor and me, he perished. This almost broke my heart, and I have not, nor perhaps never shall, overgrow that intolerable grief."

Despite his bitter anguish, he resolves to vindicate himself from the charge of Jacobitism, and with that view publishes "Three Charges delivered at the General Quarter Sessions holden at Ipswich in the years 1691, 1692. To which is added, the Author's Vindication from the calumnies and mistakes cast on him on account of his Geographical Dictionary."

The Whig faction, however, had determined on his downfall; and Charles Blount, an avowed infidel and shameless plagiarist, was the appropriate tool for their dirty work.



Bohun apparently was not aware of the fact, but there seems little reason to doubt, as Lord Macaulay without qualification asserts such to be the case, that Blount was the author of a scurrilous book, the better portions of which were pilfered from Milton's *Areopagitica*, which now surreptitiously appeared, intitled, "Reasons humbly offered for the liberty of Unlicens'd Printing; to which is subjoined the just and true Character of Edmund Bohun, the Licenser of the Press: London, 1693." In this work, as Mr. Rix observes, "Bohun's earlier writings are somewhat unfairly adduced to prove his unfitness for his office of Licenser; passages are extracted from books he had sanctioned, to shew that he favored the Non-jurors; and the anonymous writer, though he had no difficulty in making a show of inconsistency on the part of his victim, displays throughout the common union of feeble reasoning and scurrilous abuse."

This effusion is thus noticed in the Diary:—

"A violent outrageous Whig was now employed to write my 'Character,' and get it printed underhand; and copies of it were dispersed to them they could trust; and all heads, hands, and tongues were employed to blow up this dangerous enemy before he was well known, for fear he should prove a second Roger to them."

Sir Roger L'Estrange is the "King stork" alluded to.

The malevolence, however, of party spirit was still unsatiated. "A base and wicked scheme," as Lord Macaulay justly calls it, was now set on foot to ruin Bohun. Aware of the unfortunate Censor's peculiar notions as to the title of William and Mary to the English crown "by Conquest," the libeller Blount, at the same moment probably that he was engaged in penning the "Character," was employing his misplaced ingenuity in preparing a work of a totally opposite nature; alien, in all probability, from his own political principles, if indeed he had any, and likely to be rendered none the more distasteful to the unsuspecting Licenser by a flattering compliment paid to his political writings in its pages. This scheme to ensnare him met with an ill-deserved success. The trap was ably baited, and the prey was caught.

On the 9th of January, 1693, there was

brought to him, he says, an anonymous\* book, intitled "King William and Queen Mary Conquerors; or, a Discourse endeavoring to prove that their Majesties have, on their side against the late King, the principal reasons that make Conquest a good title," &c., &c. Without hesitation he licensed it:—

"I read it over," he says, "that day and the next, with incredible satisfaction; finding it well written, close argument, modest, and full of reason; and which I believed could not fail to satisfy great numbers of the non-swearers, for whose sake only it was written. I knew several of them had been won over to take the oaths and submit, upon that hypothesis, and others had wished that it had been more at large explained; and I was glad that I had got so good a book, that might perhaps have done them more good now than it would at first; for poverty had effectually made many of them weary of their prejudices, and they seemed to wish for a deliverance. . . . But how much is poor fraile mankind mistaken! When God gives up a man into the hands of his enemies, all things then tend to his ruine. This book being published about the 15th or 16th, the title alone offended almost everybody."

Of course it did. To employ the language of Macaulay, "The plea which thus satisfied the weak and narrow mind of Bohun was a mere fiction; and had it been a truth, would have been a truth not to be uttered by Englishmen without agonies of shame and mortification. The Whigs loathed the *Conquest* doctrine as servile; the Jacobites loathed it as revolutionary." The Prince of Orange too, it must be remembered, had been particularly careful to abjure the design of *conquering* the country. To make bad worse, owing probably to the machinations of his indefatigable enemies, the authorship of the pamphlet was at once attributed to no other than Bohun himself.

His immediate downfall was the result. The first notice he had of the coming storm was his being informed, when attending a committee of the House of Commons, on the 19th of January, that he had given his *imprimatur* to "a rascally book." On the following day he was "voted into custody" by the Commons, and at once arrested by

\* He afterwards learned that Blount was the author, but does not seem to have suspected that he also wrote the "Character."

the Serjeant-at-arms. Deserted to all appearance by his superior, Lord Nottingham, he was summoned next morning before the House; where, he says, he had "some smiles, but more frownes, that day, from the members." After being confined for a time "in a very small room, and not suffered to stir out, though with his keeper," and with no friend at hand "to give him any comfort or advice," he was at last called in before the House; and after making, as he says, "my three bowes as low as I could," was submitted to a severe examination by Sir John Trevor, the Speaker, in the usual vituperative, snarling style of an apt pupil of Jeffreys, as he was.

As to Bohun himself, he seems to have wholly lost his self-possession on this occasion; he called the Speaker *My Lord*, contradicted himself more than once, and gave every token of being frightened out of his wits. However, upon being directed to withdraw, he had evidently not prepared himself for the worst. He merely expected, he says, to be sent for in again, in order to be reprimanded or further examined; which done, he "meant to beg the pardon of the House." He was not so deep in the secret, however, as, probably, the majority of the members; and great must have been his surprise when, to use his own words,—

"About an hour after, Sir J. Barker came to me and said they had ordered the book to be burnt by the hands of the hangman, and me to be dismissed of my employment; but I was still to continue in custody besides. The rest, before me, had been reprimanded and discharged; but my ruine was the thing they sought. [As to my dismissal], the vote ran thus:—

"Resolved, that the members of this House who are of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, do humbly move his Majesty that Edmund Bohun, the Licenser of the Press, be removed from his employment."

On leaving the House, still in custody, he sent for his patron, the Bishop of Norwich; but to little purpose, so far as comfort or consolation was concerned:—

"He seemed angry at what I had said and done, saying I acted very imprudently; to which I replied I had no direction, and must act as I could; and I had no more prudence than I had; which he said was true."

In accordance with his petition, though the prayer thereof was violently opposed by some, he was at last released:—

"Jan. 28. Edmund Bohun, Esq., was, according to the order, brought to the bar; where he, upon his knees, received a reprimand from Mr. Speaker, and was ordered to be discharged out of the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms; paying his fees."

"I can give no account," he further says, "what this reprimand was, not having heard it by reason of my distance and deafness. The whole charge was £19 12s. 9d., besides the loss of my time and my employment."

On Tuesday previous to his discharge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had duly acquainted the House that his Majesty had given orders that Edmund Bohun should be removed from his employment. Lord Macaulay seems to be of opinion that the latter part of the Diary is written with a mental reservation, and that Bohun has kept back some of the particulars relative to his downfall. We see no grounds whatever for such a supposition, and fully believe that in the following passage he speaks the truth:—

"Thus, in the twinkling of an eye," he says, "I found myself thrown, I knew not why, from my employment; only for doing my duty, or at worst for not knowing there was then a hot debate in the House upon the notion of Conquest; which had never appeared in their public votes, and was taken up, unknown to me, out of pure pique against the Bishop of Salisbury, with designe to revenge a supposed injury done, as was pretended, by him to one of the members; which yet he denyes. I was also amazed what the fault was in the book; and, till afterwards, I could not guess. The word *conquerors*, at last, I found was to be understood of the whole kingdom of England and of all in it; contrary to the title and the whole scope of the book."

According to *his* notion, King James was the only person to be looked upon as *conquered*.

Still resolved to face his enemies, on the 6th of February following Bohun duly took the Test oaths, to qualify as justice of the peace for Middlesex, Surrey, and Westminster; with the view of "putting an end," he says, "to the slander that I had never taken the oaths to this government."

On the 14th of the same month we find him waiting upon Lord Nottingham, for the twofold purpose of surrendering his commission, and of calling his Lordship's attention to money matters; but with the following unsatisfactory result:—

"I shewed him an account of the money I

had received, and that I was money out of purse, besides my labor for five months. He said he would take care to reimburse me. So I proposed something for the future; which he said he would consider of. *Cetera fidei memorie*. In May following, I waited upon my master for the money promised me as above, but I got not one farthing of it."

Still another call upon the money-less or money-loving peer: the "*Dismal*" of Swift and his brother wits in after-days:—

'May 25, 1693. After a small stay in the country, I returned to London, where I waited upon my master, the Earl of Nottingham, and tendered him an account of the money received and expended; expecting to have had about £50, then due to me, paid me. But I got nothing but my master's displeasure; so that I was afterwards affronted in the office by the waiters."

When too late to gain any benefit by proving the contrary, he is informed that, previous to his downfall, his enemies had raised the following reports to his disparagement:—

"Underhand they had raised a report that I was, at first, a tub-preacher; (2.) an enemy to the government in the Church; (3.) L' Estrange's amanuensis, or a hackney writer under him; a beggar, and a man of no reputation. These were whispered so secretly in the House, that I heard nothing of them till the blow was given."

In August, 1694, as was to be expected from the tender mercies of the now dominant Whigs, Bohun was finally removed from the Commission of the peace for Suffolk.

Our closing extract not inaptly affords the key to the source of most of Bohun's misfortunes. In preference to casting his lot with a party, he chose, with almost as much wrong-headedness, perhaps, as honesty, to think for himself, and to attempt to reconcile political opinions that were the very antipodes of

each other. Isolated alike from all parties, "he formed," as Macaulay says, "a class apart; for he was at once a zealous Filmerite and a zealous Williamite." Placed between the two, he followed the usual laws of gravitation, political as well as material, and came to the ground:—

"I was turned out before, in James II.'s time, for my over-zealous defence of the Church against the Popish party; and now, by the republican party, for my adhering to a tottering throne."

With the spring of 1697, at which period he was living in seclusion at Ipswich, the Diary abruptly ends.

It is only proper to add, in conclusion, a word or two in commendation of the form in which Mr. Rix has placed this work before the privileged few who are intended to be its readers. In everything that bears reference to the Autobiographer's branch of the Bohun family, the scrupulous care of the Editor seems to have exhausted the field of research; and it would be hardly too much to say that, to the historian, the value of the work is more than doubled by the elaborate notes with which the text is elucidated throughout. The numerous illustrations, too pictorial and heraldic, are graceful specimens of art, and the beauty of the typography does great credit to the youthful press of Beccles; indeed, we very much doubt—and no slight compliment is implied by the doubt—if the better known press of its next-door neighbor, Bungay, could turn out a handsomer book.

"—Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid"—

Why does Mr. Rix indulge in such typographical Quakerism as "sunday," "tuesday," "christian," "english," "dutch," "latin," "esquire," and the like?

*The Song of Hiawatha*—[*Der Sang von Hiawatha*]. By H. W. Longfellow. Translated by Ferdinand Freiligrath. "Stuttgart, Cotta; London, Williams & Norgate.)

THE celebrated poem of Prof. Longfellow has awakened in Herr Freiligrath a remembrance of his own early days, when he astonished the Germans with songs of the desert and the Kraal, and seemed the destined poet of uncivilized life. An old legend of Indian America would have been most acceptable to him then, and he evidently finds it acceptable now; for,

after favoring the "*Morgenblatt*" with a few fragmentary specimens, he has produced a complete and clever translation of the whole. The original metre he has, of course, preserved (what Teuton ever deviated in this respect?), and it will prove far less puzzling to the Germans than it did to the Americans and the English. Here we were tracing it to the Finns, and showing that the Kalevala was as familiar to us as the *Iliad*, when the Germans had been employing it for years as a form very convenient in narrative poetry.—*Athenæum*.

From The Spectator.  
 NORMANBY'S YEAR OF REVOLUTION.\*

ALTHOUGH readable, various, and interesting,—letting the reader often behind the scenes, and exhibiting many of the actors in the great Parisian drama of 1848 in their everyday clothes and personal character,—the *Year of Revolution* will scarcely support expectations derived from the position and opportunities of the author. Part of this disappointment was inevitable. The more secret, and no doubt the most curious particulars that came under the notice of Lord Normanby, are suppressed for the present, for reasons which will readily suggest themselves. The two greatest events embracing action, the revolution of February and the civil war in June, have been much more fully described by the correspondents of the daily press, from actual observation in great part; and though Lord Normanby's anecdotes may probably be better authenticated, his stories are not so numerous. The main defect is, that the book is too long for the actual information it furnishes; and this seems to arise from the form. It was the author's habit to write in a journal something like the counterpart of the more popular information he transmitted to London in his official correspondence. Of this, and some private entries, with assistance from his actual despatches—all conveying the impressions of the moment, and not the subsequent views of the author, (which are occasionally given in notes,) the larger portion of the work consists. As nearly the whole is in the style of a despatch, and might often have been copied from one into the diary, the narrative generally bears too much the character of state paper writing; clear and easy from the art of the author, but still rotund, with the copia verborum and often the uniformity of style which may be proper to public documents, but is a fault in a narrative that should vary with the changes of the theme. The introductory portion, tracing the blunders, unpopularity, and distrust of the King and Guizot, from the fête of "the Glorious Days of July" in 1847 to the opening of the drama in February 1848, is in point of composition the most interesting section of the book, because

\* *A Year of Revolution. From a Journal kept in Paris in 1848.* By the Marquis of Normanby, K.G. In two volumes. Published by Longmans and Co.

it is the most condensed. However, the remarks of a close observer as to the evident approach of some serious change, if not convulsion, may have greater freshness than the revolution of 1848, about which so much has been written.

A great merit of the book is its exposition of character, or rather the way in which it furnishes the facts and traits by which the reader may draw the "characters" for himself. Louis Philippe, Guizot, Lamertine, and Cavaignac, are more especially treated in this way; but many traits are preserved of other and scarcely less eminent men of all parties, from the old Legitimist to the extreme Red Republican.

In lately noticing the Parisian parts of Raikes' Journal, we remarked what a bad appearance the King made: he looks worse in the pages of Lord Normanby. The stories are not of so paltry a kind, for they refer to his kingly rather than his private capacity; but, bating avarice, they are pretty much of the same stamp, indicative of intense selfishness, paltriness, trickery, and the universal distrust he had contrived to inspire. Even during the worst apprehensions under the revolution, no one looked upon the late Government with regret or towards it with hope. Here the King is, playing the trickster in a small way, on the very eve of the revolution.

"I went that night to the Tuileries, without learning the decision of the Opposition Deputies. As his Majesty had often volunteered to speak to me upon his own affairs, I thought it possible he might do so then, and I was prepared, if the occasion was thus offered, humbly to represent to his Majesty the danger, in the existing state of the public mind, of unnecessarily provoking a collision in the streets; but I was told on the stairs, by one of the Generals whom I met, that the Opposition had given up the banquet, and found the whole Court in an ecstasy of delight, as if they had gained a great victory. The King spoke to me for some time with great animation, but never once alluded to the passing events. He adverted to our proposed diplomatic intercourse with Rome; to the difficulty of receiving a priest at St. James' in full canonicals; told a story of the Archbishop of Narbonne, who, in the days of his emigration, had got over the difficulty by going to George the Third in court-dress with a sword.

"I only allude to these trivial subjects of conversation because I found afterwards that



the King had been studying effect to the last, and that he had said to those to whom he spoke immediately afterwards, 'I am very well satisfied with Lord Normanby to-night'; as if he had been speaking to me of the passing concerns of the moment, and I had approved the course of his Government."

Even when every thing was rocking round him and the revolution not only begun but marching rapidly to its completion, he could not suspend his family greediness. The authority is apparently of the very highest, for Count Molé was an intimate friend of the Ambassador.

"When the King sent for Count Molé from the Chamber of Peers, he (Count Molé) had not heard of the resignation of Guizot, and had no precise information of the purpose for which he was summoned. It appears that the King commenced by asking him if he had heard what had happened? Upon his reply in the negative, the King said—'The National Guard has declared itself. The Tuileries would have been stormed before many hours were over: it was necessary, at any price, to avoid another 10th of August. I know it is not a pleasant thing to ask you to take office at such a time, but I rely upon your devotion. I suppose you have your Cabinet ready?' Count Molé saw this was a confirmation of the report that M. Guizot had insinuated that he had been intriguing to supplant him: and he replied to the King, that he had taken no steps of that nature, that he had remained a passive spectator in his own retired corner, of what was passing around him; but that as long ago as last August, when speaking with M. Dufaure as to the ruinous system which they thought had been pursued by his Majesty's advisers, they understood each other sufficiently for him to feel almost sure he might rely upon his assistance and that of his friends, but that the King must excuse his giving him any positive answer till he had had an opportunity of consulting with these gentlemen and some of his other friends. The King said—'This is not a moment to make conditions, but there is one thing I must except from a general carte blanche; I must not have Marshal Bugeaud at the head of the army. The army must be reserved, as hitherto, for my sons, and Marshal Bugeaud would never allow that.' Count Molé replied, that it was his undoubted intention to have proposed Marshal Bugeaud for that department; that he did not know what the Marshal's wishes might be, but that he could not accept the commission with such a restriction. The King then said, 'Let me see you again as soon as you have made up your mind.'"

Néver perhaps was a throne abandoned so readily and with so little dignity; and the King maintained his consistency to the last. Even in finally quitting the shore of his country and what was once his kingdom, he must still and riskfully enact the player.

"This project of making the descent upon Rouen was in the end successful. The King and Queen arrived at Rouen, embarked on board the river-boat; they then redescended in it to Havre, but had to make a short step from one quay to the other to get on board the English steamer. And here it was that the King was very near betraying himself by overacting the part of an English bourgeois anxious to return home. It was evidently the utmost importance that, in a place where he was so likely to be personally known he should keep himself quiet and endeavor to escape observation. Instead of which, I hear he was bustling about, exclaiming loudly, 'Where is Mrs. Smith? Where is my old woman? Come here, my dear?' He was, in point of fact, recognized by a fishwife on the quay, who screamed out, 'Tis the King, who is making his escape!' But it was too late to stop him; he was already under the protection of the English flag: the ladder was at once loosened from the quay, and the vessel, with all her steam well up, pursued her course at full speed."

The various descriptions of public assemblies, debates in the Legislative bodies, and similar occurrences, have been forestalled by newspaper-reporters. The Ambassador's pictures are more vivid and lifelike, because they are more dramatic and individual, and less mechanically told. There are several pictures of Guizot under his waning power in the Assembly, from which we take one.

"Obviously did M. Guizot flinch under this verbal castigation, so powerfully applied [by Odilon Barrot]; and the assumed indifference with which he had at first attempted to face his novel position completely failed when M. de l'Herbette brought more precisely and distinctly forward his direct personal intervention in the bargain of quoting a letter in which Mr. X. explained to his friend that he must wait till he could again see M. Guizot, as it was a subject on which the Minister liked better to speak than to write. His irritation then became so obvious, that M. de l'Herbette, finding his attention distracted by pantomimic interruptions, said, 'Je ne sais pas si l'on se contentera de répondre à cette citation par des haussements d'épaules, par des contortions de visage, par des rires sardoniques qui au surplus ne peuvent me déconcentrer. J'ai vu le Tartufe de la Religion sur un autre

théâtre avant de voir sur le théâtre politique le Tartufe de Prohibé."

Lord Normanby gives a full account of the great invasion of the Assembly by the mob in May, which heralded the insurrection of June, when even Ledru-Rollin failed of making any impression. It is a strange scene, and a strange people where such proceedings could be permitted or even thought of.

"Ledru-Rollin now mounted the tribune, and at last obtained silence. For a few minutes it seemed as if he would have succeeded in maintaining his influence and turning the incident to his own personal advantage. He expressed the same feelings with regard to Poland as theirs, but added, how could any deliberative assembly take it into consideration unless they were allowed freedom of discussion. The moment Ledru-Rollin uttered these words, a man in the crowd shouted forth, 'And the 24th of February—what was that which made you what you are?' and in the height of the storm he had thus raised, Ledru-Rollin, shrugging his shoulders, descended from the tribune. Just then, a working-man, sitting astride on the partition on one side of our tribune, called out to a comrade, likewise mounted on the opposite partition, saying that he had assisted in the construction of the new building; that he was sure it never was intended to sustain such an immense extra weight as crowded all round it; and he thought they had better come down and leave it to others, 'qui ont l'affaire à arranger.' This naturally alarmed the ladies sitting in the front seat; who asked, with some anxiety, whether they could not now make their escape? The young leader who had before been so useful in his interposition offered to go before, if we liked, and make a way and escort us through the mob. We therefore started, our protector leading the way, there being besides my friend Sir Henry Ellis and the ladies mentioned above. I in vain endeavored to persuade Madame de Montalembert and her friend to accompany us: she gratefully but firmly declined to leave the building till all was over. It had been an interesting episode in this strange scene to watch the expressive countenance of that distinguished lady, wandering from the threatening gestures of the wild men who by turns thronged the tribune to the quiet corner where her husband sat unmoved; knowing as I did, that if these desperadoes acquired even a temporary triumph which gave them occasion to select their victims, M. de Montalembert, both from the powerful daring of his fearless character and from the widespread distinction with which his talents had invested his name, was likely to

be one of the first objects of their sanguinary vengeance. I must say that every facility was civilly given for our passage through this dense crowd, though the lobbies were inconveniently narrow. In passing through the organized mob in the Southern court of the Assembly, I heard orders given for the occupation of the house by the main body of Barbès' band, with the intimation that too much time had already been lost, that they must finish at once. This occupation was immediately effected without opposition; the President pulled out of his chair, the Assembly declared to be dissolved, and a Provisional Government proclaimed."

There are many anecdotes or observations indicative of the strange things and strange persons of that memorable year. One of the earliest and most curious was the rise in the value of a sovereign before the Republic was well established. The date is February 29.

"The daily supplies of a large capital, like London or Paris, are generally so beautifully and wonderfully balanced, that each day leaves but a small surplus beyond the regular consumption. The barricades had completely impeded the free circulation towards the outskirts; and the frightful reports of the state of anarchy in the town deterred all those who usually supplied the city with provisions from attempting to reach its centre. My own cook made a most doleful report of his prospects for the morrow, as he announced the larder to be completely empty. We were also told there was no flour in the town, and that the bakers had ceased to distribute bread. Lamartine's timely exertions; therefore, in causing the barricades to be removed, saved us from dangers quite as serious, though of a less ostensible description than massacre.

"There is nothing that has surprised me more in the wonderful changes of the last few days than the utter destruction of all conventional value attached to articles of luxury or display. Pictures, statues, plate, jewels, shawls, furs, laces, all one is accustomed to consider property, become as useless lumber. Ladies anxious to realize a small sum, in order to seek safety in flight, have in vain endeavored to raise a pittance upon the most costly jewels. What signified it that they were 'rich and rare,' when no one would or could buy them?

"The scarcity of money at once became so great that a sovereign passed for three or four and thirty francs."

The following is not a bad "mot"; bringing equality to a practical test.

"In the morning, before I went down to the Assembly, walking to the Affaires Etran-

gères along the Boulevards, I found myself behind three blouses evidently belonging to the Ateliers Nationaux on their way to the attroupement at the Bastille, to which they had been summoned. One of them was saying to the other two, 'Ils se donnent vingt-cinq francs par jour. Ils nous donnent trente sous, et ils appellent ça égalité,'—alluding probably to the salary fixed for the Représentants du Peuple, and the wages given at the Ateliers Nationaux to the people themselves."

Although the plan of the work necessarily deprives it of the form of unity, yet there is much of the spirit of unity in its pages. The reader who goes through the whole will have a distinct idea of the origin and progress of the revolution till Louis Napoléon's election as President, as well as of the causes of its origin and its failure. This, shortly expressed was *selfishness*. Louis Philippe, Guizot, Lamartine the representative of the Tricolor, Ledru-Rollin of the Red flag, and nearly all the lesser ministers or agents of the Provisional Government, nay even Cavaignac himself, sacrificed their cause and their own objects by pursuing with a too glaring eagerness, and too obvious a disregard of right, their own purposes. Of course this selfishness varied in degree and in delicacy of appearance. It was strongest and most personal perhaps in Louis Philippe, and most brazen among the Red Republicans; weakest in Lamartine and Cavaignac; while in the last two it took the form of ambition combined with zeal for principles. In Cavaignac, the fault undoubtedly visible was an excess of political fanaticism, and a yielding weakness to the clique that surrounded him, permitting what under other circumstances he would have disdained. A greater alloy mingled with the character of Lamartine—as personal jealousy, and extraordinary vanity. His conduct in submitting to much that was more than questionable on the part of his red colleagues, before the meeting of the National Assembly, may be ascribed to the necessity of his position, which was too uncertain in point of strength to enable him to act independently. His subsequent union with Ledru-Rollin, that destroyed him with the country, is mainly to be ascribed to vanity. He seemed to fancy that he could throw off the nation like a dog and whistle it back again at pleasure. Lord Normanby and Lamartine were on terms of personal

friendship; when it was understood that the great orator had determined not to separate from Ledru-Rollin, the Ambassador remonstrated. "I told him he would thereby entirely lose the position he held as the champion of order; he agreed with me that such would be the immediate effect, but said that he should recover every thing again in three weeks." Something of what it may be harsh to term jealousy, though jealousy is the nearest approach to the meaning, might precipitate the setting up of the Republic. Louis Philippe and Guizot were so distrusted, the King was so obviously unequal to the occasion, that to save him was beyond human power. It might be the same as regarded the Regency of the Duchess of Orleans, the dynasty had become so odious through the King. If the chance depended upon Lamartine, it was lost by the appearance of a rival in the tribune. This is from the account of the struggle in the Assembly.

"Graceful, dignified, and interesting as was at that moment the deportment of the Duchess of Orleans, she did nothing, because no one suggested to her what to do; and she wanted one quality, which alone at such a crisis would have appealed successfully to the national sympathies—she was not a Frenchwoman. The conduct of M. Sauzet, as President, has been represented to me by persons of all parties by the expressive word 'pitoyable': he appears to have entirely lost his head. M. Dupin failed in producing his usual effect from the tribune; had he been in the fauteuil instead of M. Sauzet, the result might have been different. General Oudinot, the son of the Marshal lately dead, was the only person who by his frank, soldier-like presence of mind seemed for a time to render the triumph of the Regency possible. At this moment my informant approached M. Lamartine, who sat in his usual bench, the lower of the extreme right of the Chamber, with his face buried in his hands, and whispered in his ear, 'Now is your time to fulfil your intention and confirm the Regency.' Scarcely raising his head or removing his hands, he replied, 'Je ne parlerai pas tant que cette femme [the Duchess] y restera.' And my informant saw at once there was nothing to be expected from him, and that the most to be hoped was that he would not himself suggest the Republic. M. Marie, a very respectable barrister, in large practice, but of no great personal weight, and very advanced in his political opinions, then proposed a Provisional Government; which was supported by M. Cré-

mieux, who farther suggested that it should consist of five members.

"A popular leader, whose ministry had begun and ended within the passing hours of that day, then entered. M. Odilon Barrot had been detained elsewhere. Powerful as his influence in his country had long been, and although the French people still felt towards him the sentiment nearest respect which they could retain for any one, yet, at this moment, his advent was inauspicious, inasmuch as it brought into hostile action the master spirit of the moment. All the witnesses of the scene, with whom I have spoken, concur in this, that M. Lamartine had hitherto buried his face in his hands, as if absorbed in meditation as to the course he should pursue; but, as M. Odilon Barrot slowly ascended the tribune, he threw back his head, gazed fixedly upon him, and his whole attitude was that of defiance and opposition. I am far from asserting that his first feeling was, if the Regency is adopted, there stands its counsellor and director; but there is something in M. Odilon Barrot's deportment, and a certain air of conscious integrity blended with superior wisdom, which was likely to be peculiarly irritating to M. Lamartine's susceptibility."

Besides the unity of causation traceable in the work, it well indicates the confusion, the barefaced corruption, and the manner in which ready impudence could promote itself between February and June. We will take one instance—the story of who made M. Crémieux a Provisional Governor.

"There was a seventh name appended, to the surprise of all—that of M. Crémieux; how did that happen? The story current to-day is, that, amidst the deafening turmoil, the names written down by Lamartine could not be heard when read from the President's chair by poor old Dupont de l'Eure. He transferred the list to the person standing next to him; who, having a weak voice was equally inaudible. As it was important no time should be lost, these names were then given to M. Crémieux, who has the lungs of Stentor; and he added his own name; which was, amidst all the confusion, adopted with the others.

"Some time after, in mentioning this anecdote to a friend of mine at that time in office, he said, 'Tis quite true, for I was the man with the weak voice.'"

From The Saturday Review.

WHY did the system of Constitutional Government and Parliamentary institutions totally break down in France? This is a question of the profoundest interest to all

who are not content stupidly to acquiesce in the extinction of liberty throughout Europe which followed upon the collapse of the monarchy of Louis Philippe. We are tired of being told that Constitutional Government in France failed because the French people are not fit for liberty. We want to know why they are not fit for liberty. It is not till that question is resolved that we are really answered. We put the analogy of England wholly out of the discussion, because it will be said that in France there were no traditions and no counterpoise. But the traditions of Belgium were more recent than those of France. Let those who attribute inherent instability to Parliamentary Governments expound to us why the throne of Leopold stood unshaken, while the despotisms of Europe toppled down at the fall of the monarchy of July. If the late King of the French had fairly tried the experiment of Constitutional Government, and the result had been the revolution of 1848, we confess that we should have been compelled to despair of the liberties of Europe. But it was not fairly tried—the machine was not honestly dealt by. The whole of Louis Philippe's career was one long violation of the principles to which he owed his throne. He broke down the system of Government in France by just the same vices which were fatal to our own monarchy. He was a Charles without chivalry, just as Guizot was a Strafford without courage. No man in France, from the leading politicians down to the *ouvrier* in the streets, believed in the King's sincerity. Raised to the throne by the popular will, the whole of his statecraft was directed to the end of governing without regard to public opinion. So complete was his infatuation in the last days of his power, that Lord Normandy tells us he used the following language to the representatives of some of the smaller German Courts:—"Tell your masters not to mind having popular assemblies, let them only learn to manage them as I manage mine. See the noise they are making now. I shall soon have them in hand again. They want me to get rid of Guizot; I will not do it. Can I possibly give a stronger proof of my power?" How the King "managed" his Parliament is sufficiently known. The system of public and private corruption by which the Chambers were "kept in hand" was carried to an extent unheard of in mod-



ern history. The only thing which this sagacious monarch did not perceive, was that the very acts which gained him the representatives lost him the people whom they represented. It is true he possessed himself of the body, but, in the process of snatching it, the breath of life had gone out of it. It is true that the Government and the person of the King were exposed to the assaults of a press licentious beyond the bounds of freedom, and that in the winter of 1847 the monarchy was exposed to the dangerous pressure of an unemployed and famished population. But these are just the perils against which free institutions supply a safeguard; and the King, by a long course of insincerity, had rooted out of his Government all those popular elements which might have served as a safety-valve in the hour of public discontent. When the storm descended, he had to meet it in all the nakedness of an absolute ruler, without sympathy and without support. And he lacked the virtues of a despot as entirely as he had shown himself destitute of the qualifications of a popular sovereign. As he had not the honesty which is requisite for the position of the one, so he wanted the courage which is appropriate to the pretensions of the other. After refreshing our recollection by a perusal of Lord Normanby's Journal, we are as far as ever from understanding why the King ran away from Paris. That, at the moment of his flight, his person was in no danger in the capital, is evident from the circumstances of his escape. It seemed to be in the hearts of the women of that family alone—amongst those, at least, who were present in the last days of February—that a spark of manliness remained. The exhibition of shameful and comical terror of Mr. Smith at Boulogne, and the still more shameful panic by which the young Duchess of Montpensier was deserted in the palace, and left to wander alone amongst the raging mob of Paris, are recorded in the pages of history, as if that no humiliating incident might be wanting to aggravate that merited disgrace.

If it should be thought that the tone of these remarks is harsh, especially at a moment when a new and deplorable disaster has befallen this ill-fated race, it must be remembered that it is impossible to discuss this subject at all without bringing under review the character of the King. It was

upon his conduct mainly that depended the success or failure of the constitutional experiment in France. How grievously he failed in his trust, history will pronounce. Free institutions broke down in France because they were committed in their infancy to the tutelage of an insincere and faint-hearted Sovereign. France, like a fiery horse, which has been first misused and then let loose by a rider at once tyrannical and timorous, flung its heels in the air, and rushed madly on with no rein to guide, and its own fears to distract and goad it to destruction. How far the historians of constitutions and the *doctrinaire* of liberty, who shared with the King the responsibility of the events of 1848, contributed to that great catastrophe, is a question which we cannot now discuss.

From The Athenæum.

OF Louis Napoleon Lord Normanby speaks in the most gingerly way, praising nothing, blaming nothing, in the conduct of the Prince. With regard to King Louis-Philippe he is much more candid, abusing his "obstinacy and blindness," with hearty goodwill and with not a little malice for a noble lord who has tasted of the King's salt. Touches candid as the following are frequent enough:—

"On his arrival in England, where he was received with every demonstration of sympathy and respect, he rather astonished those who came out to meet him, by the levity of his deportment. All who have ever been brought into social contact with His Majesty are aware of a remarkable deficiency in his nature; he never had the slightest sentiment of personal dignity, and upon this occasion the most extraordinary circumstance in the history of this extraordinary man is that, in quitting the throne, he seemed to have lost all feeling of identity or moral connection with the individual who had ceased to occupy it. He seemed to consider the whole merely as a drama, in which he had ceased to play his accustomed part, and to believe that he could separate himself completely from the character he had formerly assumed; and discuss it with all the freedom of a by-stander."

The air of Florence seems favorable to small scandal. Here is a second touch, à propos of the Spanish marriages:—

"The King spoke to me for some time with great animation, but never once alluded to the passing events. He adverted to our proposed diplomatic intercourse with Rome, to the difficulty of receiving a priest at St.

James' in full canonicals, told a story of the Archbishop of Narbonne, who, in the days of his emigration, had got over the difficulty by going to George the Third in court-dress with a sword. I only allude to these trivial subjects of conversation because I found afterwards that the King had been studying effect to the last, and that he had said to those to whom he spoke immediately afterwards, 'I am very well satisfied with Lord Normanby to-night,' as if he had been speaking to me of the passing concerns of the moment, and I had approved the course of his Government."

Almost the sole person who is spoken of in these volumes with uniform chivalry is the young Duchess of Montpensier. Lord Normanby gives some details of her escape from France, which are romantic enough for the Spanish stage. Only fancy the girl-duchess being forgotten in the hurry of escape!—

"There was a general report yesterday evening, that the Duchess of Montpensier was missing, having been forgotten in the precipitate flight of the rest of the Royal family from the Tuileries. This was so far confirmed to me, that a person told me soon after the departure of the King, he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the young Princess quite alone, wandering bewildered on the outskirts of the crowd near the palace. In answer to my very natural question why he did not at once offer his assistance, this person replied, that his first impulse was to do so, though he was perfectly unknown to Her Royal Highness, but that in the then temper of the mob he did not like the responsibility of attracting attention to her, and he thought her best chance of safety was in being not only unrecognized but unsuspected. Considering the pains that had been taken to make that Château her home, the sacrifices at which that object had been attained, and the triumphant reception with which she had been so recently welcomed there, it does appear strange that no one should have been found to make it his duty to secure the retreat of one so young, so gentle, so helpless, and so beautiful, who had therefore, even upon strangers, such combined claims to protection, wherever a vestige of chivalry is left in the world. \* \* At that very moment, that interesting and illustrious child, only now just sixteen (and, if the courtly announcements of the last few weeks are to be believed, bearing with her the future object of the combined hopes of Spain and France, and of the exaggerated apprehensions of England), was wandering about utterly alone, every moment in danger of becoming the mark for popular fury, and her only protec-

tion against insult being the apparent impossibility that one so cherished could be found in such a piteous and deserted plight. I am happy to say that for the present I am reassured as to her safety: at seven o'clock this morning I received a visit from two ladies, who arrived at an hour and in a manner calculated to avoid observation; one was officially attached to the person of one of the Princesses, the other merely a devoted private friend. They came to request me \* \* \* and I hastened to do all they wished."

Here is a mystery! What *do* the stars cover? Was it the Duchess herself the Marquis was desired to save? Here follow more adventures:—

"At length we have further authentic information of the escape of the Duchesse de Montpensier. Many of the details I have heard from M. Lamartine himself. It appears that the Duchess, when provided with the means of securing, as was thought, a safe journey, started with General Thierry, the aide-de-camp of her husband, for Eu, with the expectation of there meeting the Duke; but, the projects of the rest of the royal family having been modified by circumstances, they found no one at the Château, and, under the additional escort of a young diplomatist on leave in the neighborhood, M. Estancelin, H.R.H. started again for Abbeville. Upon her arrival there, the mob assumed a menacing aspect at the appearance of a post carriage, which they said contained the Princes on their way to England. M. Estancelin in vain assured them that the lady was his wife, and that he was returning to his diplomatic duties. The crowd insisted upon opening the door of the carriage, and M. Estancelin, in order to avoid that necessity, desired to be driven to the house of a Republican friend in that part of the town, and confided to him the name of his companion, and this man had the brutality or the timidity to refuse an asylum to one whose presence, he was afraid, might compromise him with his friends. It was already quite dark, yet there seemed no other resource than that the Princess, attended by the General, should proceed on foot through the town, and await upon the road leading to Montreuil the arrival of the carriage with post-horses which M. Estancelin was to seek when the suspicions of the mob, who were still hovering about the post-house, should have been diverted. Any one who remembers Abbeville in the old posting days cannot forget the interminable length of winding streets which intervene between the post and the Northern Gate. It appears that the town was as unknown in detail to General Thierry as to his distinguished companion, and for hours they

paced up and down, without guide or direction, a furious gale of wind raging round, and drifting rain, snow, and sleet in their faces; for, as the storm was from the north-east, and the Boulogne Gate precisely in that direction, it was only by proceeding resolutely in the eye of the wind that they could hope to reach that exit from the town. The lower shutters of all the houses were so universally closed against the raging of the elements and the equally threatening outbreak of human passions, that it was impossible to demand their way. Once a brilliant light from some windows attracted their attention, but it was soon carefully avoided when found to proceed from a crowded cabaret where they were singing *La Marseillaise*. Missing the main gate, and expecting to escape through a sort of side postern, they were, instead, bogged in a sort of quagmire, the first steps in which deprived the delicate feet of the poor Duchess of both shoes; wandering about in search of them, she sank above her ankle at every moment, till providentially found by an unknown friend of M. Estancelin, who had been sent in search of them: by him she was conducted to a shed on the *Route Royale*, where they awaited the arrival of the carriage and proceeded on their journey."

M. de Lamartine, it may be remembered, gives in his own history of these events some curious sayings of the young Princess,—protesting, Spaniard-like, that she adored these adventures and thought them far more amus-

ing than croquet and scandal at the round table at the Tuileries!

On one other point we may say a word. M. Guizot gets throughout these volumes every species of incidental abuse, and in one place becomes the hero of a very formal piece of literary impeachment. The insinuations against his honor are paltry, and sometimes ridiculous. The historian of Civilization is treated as if he were a mere court instrument, corrupt himself and ready to corrupt others. M. Guizot is printing his own Memoirs, and in a few weeks they will be in everybody's hands. In the meanwhile, we may assure him in his retreat that he need not trouble himself about this gust of wind from the Apennines. His policy may be explained and his motives cleared up by a narrative such as no man knows better than himself how to write; but his character, he may rest assured, needs no vindication. In England we do not always measure virtue by success; and despite Lord Normanby's hot and splenetic accusations, our more calm and philosophical countrymen will continue to see in M. Guizot a man of genius who, even if he has failed in that field of ambition which would have yielded him a glory at best incidental and transient, has succeeded in that far nobler field of human endeavor which is at once fruitful and immortal.

**PROPOSAL FOR A TEMPORARY OBSERVATORY.**—Professor Piazzzi Smyth has included in the *Astronomical Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh*, recently printed, a proposal of a novel kind. He considers that, without taking account of clouds or other impediments, the smaller undulations of the atmosphere alone, even when all is clear and tranquil to the naked eye, are sufficient of themselves almost to neutralize the utility of the reflecting telescope, and that the obstruction is still greater in a large than in a small apparatus. Newton recommended that to avoid these undulations, the telescope should be raised above the grosser parts of the atmosphere, by being placed on a high mountain; but so far from this being attended to, we find observatories, as if by some fatality, situated in the depths of valleys, and frequently buried in the smoke of towns. What the Scottish Astronomer Royal proposes it, not to remove the Observatory from Edin-

burgh permanently, or at all; but merely to establish a temporary observing station for the summer months, in some lofty locality. During these summer months, he enjoys a vacation from his duties at the university; and they are precisely the season when, in Scotland, clouds and prolonged twilight render observations, especially with the equatorial, almost useless. With this instrument alone, on a high southern mountain, "he would, in fact, be able to make more observations, and each of them of surpassing excellence, than in a whole year in Edinburgh." The mountain he proposes is the Peak of Teneriffe, which he has already visited, 12,200 feet high, and only a week's voyage from England due south. "A sufficiently large plateau exists at the height of 11,000 feet, and is stated to be clear of cloud during the summer; while if one observation of Humboldt's can be depended on, the air is then more transparent than at the same height on either the Alps or the Andes."—*Chambers' Journal*.

From The Saturday Review.

### THE RATCATCHER'S GOSPEL.

NOTHING can be more curious than to watch the progressive development of the commonplaces by which one age is distinguished from another. Sometimes they run in the direction of Church and State, our Young Queen and our Old Institutions. Sometimes they set towards the doctrine of progress and the March of Intellect. At one time we babble of green leaves, and are all for love and mercy—at another we gird on the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and are for smiting our enemies from Dan to Beersheba. There have been of late years a succession of fuglemen who have given the tone to the cries of the various classes of society. What Cobbett did for politics with one class, and O'Connell with another, writers like Mr. Carlyle do for educated men who interest themselves in what are known at the present day as social subjects. We have amongst us a considerable number of persons who are continually blowing the trumpet upon a variety of moral and theological questions, and whose notes all go to curiously similar tunes. It is instructive to observe that these gentlemen belong for the most part to what used at any rate to be considered the most peaceable professions, whilst they almost always write in the most stirring and warlike strain. The pens are clerical pens, but the words are the words of soldiers. The prevalence and the popularity of this mode of thought appear to us deserving of more specific notice than they have as yet received. When we sit under this sort of sermonizing in church, as most of us are occasionally obliged to do, our mouths are shut; but when our pastors and masters descend into the arena of the daily press, they restore us to that right of reply which the pulpit for the time being suspends.

The most remarkable display of this style of thought that we have lately seen, occurred in a letter from S. G. O. to the *Times*, to which we adverted last week, in connexion with the state of feeling in England towards India. Besides the expressions of opinion to which we then referred, the letter contains several passages which illustrate in the most curious way our present subject. S. G. O. founds his views about India on his views of England and English society. The distinctive feature of the present day is, he thinks,

its intolerance of every form of evil. He is "one of those who hold that two-thirds of the real good which is ever done in this world originates in the hearts, and is started by the words and deeds, of 'good men lacking discretion.'" He thinks that the statesman who looks about him in this country "beholds all manner of Christian men, in all manner of ways, contending with vice, ignorance, infidelity; he sees men elbowing each other, 'shinning' each other—not caring even to overturn each other—so that each in his own way, after his own fashion and creed, can do some good. Vice is being worried more or less here, there, and everywhere," and then follows a long string of comparisons between evil and vermin on the one hand, and saints and ratcatchers on the other. "We don't hunt rats with staghounds, or pitch deer-nets to catch black beetles." "No invention has ever yet rid us of rats or of the turnip-fly." "Where nuts grow weevil are found." "What farmer is fool enough to throw away his traps, destroy his ferrets, and burn his arsenical confection?" He may not extirpate his enemy, but does he not "try, by the shrieks from his traps, the warnings of his poisons, the ever-to-be-dreaded presence of his intruding ferrets, to be well understood as one who still hates, will still war on vermin"—as one of the saints who rule the earth? Does he not delight himself in abundance of fighting, with the praises of God in his right hand and the patent vermin killer in his left? A more singular conception of the whole duty of man we have seldom met with, since the author of the *Biglow papers* described the eloquence of the apostle of the Mexican war.

"How dreadful slick he reeled it off, like Blitz at our Lyceum,  
A drawing ribbands from his mouth, so quick  
you'd scarcely see 'em.  
About our patriotic pa's, and our star-span-  
gled banner,  
Our country's bird a sitting by, and singing  
out hosannah."

The moral of this style of writing is, that we are on all occasions, to keep our minds in a hostile, pugnacious attitude—that we are always to have at hand an inkstand to throw at the devil—that we are to be constantly "worrying evil," and always making as much fuss about it as possible—and that, in this pursuit, zeal is far more important than either knowledge, temper, or discretion. We



must confess that the illustrations in which the author revels are admirably adapted to the moral which he inculcates. "Shrieks from traps," "arsenical confection," and "ever-to-be-dreaded ferrets," are metaphors which certainly put very clearly before the mind's eye the sort of spiritual Skye terrier—always smelling, scratching, and delighting to bark and bite—which seems to be S. G. O.'s ideal of a just man made perfect. Seriously speaking, is it either wise or right to preach up this kind of petty fanaticism? Is there the least need for it? Cannot any moderately careful observer see around him superabundant proof of the fact that the age in which we live is specially distinguished by the quantity of futile intolerance which it produces? It is not that we really want to persecute, but we like to talk about it. All the old commonplaces about civil and religious liberty have become so distasteful to a generation which glories in its earnestness, that a certain number of more or less fashionable and influential persons have begun to invent new ones, founded upon an effeminate admiration of the stern grandeur of conquerors and inquisitors. To our minds, there is something exceedingly petty and essentially weak in this *muliebris impotentia*. We are very sceptical indeed as to the amount of biting implied by such incessant barking. A man who really is engaged in doing good, in following up with the full power of his faculties some one or other of the great pursuits of life, will not condescend to abuse his enemies. When the Chinese go out to fight, they are in the habit, as Mr. Meadows tells us, of pouring the most vehement reproaches on their antagonists; and, if we remember rightly, there is in Chinese armies a sort of Special Correspondent, whose business it is to make cutting remarks about the various devils—red, black, and yellow—of whom the barbarian armies are supposed to consist. We do not want to see the practice adopted at home. The whole gospel of fighting is a sham—a shaking of the fists and grinding of the teeth, which the former is apt to consider as a receipt in full of all demands. Of all the nonsense which infests modern society, we think that this noisy pugnacity, and its near allies—the desire for strong government and a vigorous persecuting policy—are about the worst. It is impossible to observe their manifestations without feeling abso-

lutely certain that their impracticability is the one essential condition of their existence. If those who cry out for them so loudly saw the most remote possibility of the realization of what they profess to wish for, they would be the first to recoil. They are only playing at a game. There is such a long distance between any real authoritative "worrying of evil," and the hypothetical laudation of the process, that the latter is an amusement which, in appearance at least, is perfectly safe. Whether it is so in reality, is another question. The house in which we live is so well built, and has stood so long without being burnt, that the children can hardly do much harm in playing at lighting straws; but there is a limit to the extent to which this harmless taste ought to be indulged. They may not, to be sure, endanger the walls and the roof, but they may possibly burn holes in the furniture, or spoil the books. We are in no danger of seeing intolerant legislation, but we are in great danger of seeing all manner of bigotry introduced into the private and semi-public relations of life. We shall certainly not see people imprisoned for their opinions; but we have seen, and we may very possibly again see, men bent upon "worrying evil" by running down the holder of unpopular views, by socially ostracizing the advocate of what are supposed to be heretical opinions, or by sanctioning impertinent intrusions into private affairs.

However good its objects might be, the prevalence of the state of mind which S. G. O. praises so highly, would be a most serious evil. Let every one try to imagine the consequences of a general adoption of the belief that, provided you are "worrying somebody whom you choose to call bad, it does not much matter whether you are right or wrong. You are at worst a "good man lacking discretion," and that class of persons does two-thirds of all the good that is done in the world. This, we confess, is to us not only a hard but a most pernicious saying. St. Paul, when he stood by and saw Stephen stoned, was a good man lacking discretion. When the Jews compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, and having found him, made him ten times more the child of the devil than he was before, they were in much the same predicament. A man who combines zeal for high objects with an incapacity for under-

startling them, is one of the very most dangerous members of society, and there is probably no class in all the world which stands in need of such severe, constant, and painful discipline. There is no more dangerous fallacy than the indistinct feverish dreams which seems to have seized on a certain number of minds, that it is an unamiable weakness to have a good understanding; and that this should be preached up as a pre-eminently Christian doctrine, is a surprising proof of the forgetfulness which able men constantly show of the principles of their own science. Two of the most weighty and important books of the Old testament—the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes—are almost exclusively devoted to the praises of wisdom. “With all thy getting, get wisdom.” “Wisdom exceedeth folly as light exceedeth darkness,” is the burden of the whole of Solomon’s teaching. S. G. O. seems determined to show us that the warning is not as yet superfluous.

Fanaticism is no doubt capable of being picturesquely represented. It looks very striking indeed in Scott’s novels; but it is not only a hateful, but a poor thing in real life. When douce Davie Deans will not let a sublapsarian advocate defend his daughter, we feel a liking for the quaint humor of the conception, but in real life we should think such a man an obstinate old fool. To dally with picturesque and racy folly is one of the most characteristic faults of an ingenious, sensitive, accomplished, and energetic generation. We allow originality and humor to atone for almost everything; and as Mr. Borrow half admires the ruffianly assassin, Thurtell, because he was a brave man and a good bruiser, and because his name is probably derived from the Norse, so we are ready to forgive almost any atrocity which Mr. Carlyle can turn upside down for our edification, and to bound on any movement which writers like S. G. O. can back with thrilling appeals to our Christian feelings, and scornful denunciations of those who stop to criticize its character.

THE account given by Dr. Livingstone of the lion is worth noticing, because it is characteristic, and shows his determination to abide by strict truth, and not to yield to the illusions of conventional enthusiasm. “When a lion,” he says, “is met in the daytime, if preconceived notions do not lead travellers to expect something very noble or majestic, they will see merely an animal somewhat larger than the biggest dog they ever saw, and partaking very strongly of the canine features. The face is not much like the usual drawings of a lion, the nose being prolonged like a dog’s, not exactly such as our painters make it, though they might learn better at the Zoological Gardens, their idea of majesty being usually shown by making their lions’ faces like old women in nightcaps.” We must refer our readers to the book itself for the anecdotes by which he illustrates the habits of the lion.—They will also find in this volume very interesting notices of a new antelope, called the leche, of the ostrich, the elephant, the little honey-guide and of the black and white ants. We can only add, in conclusion, an expression of our admiration, and we may venture to say our astonishment, at the excellence of the writing observable throughout the book. In his opening chapter, Dr. Livingstone expresses his strong sense of the slightness of his aptitude for authorship. “I think,” he tells us, “I would rather cross the African continent again than undertake to write another book. It is far easier to travel than to write about it.” Dr. Livingstone greatly underates his power of composition. Few practised writers have so wide a command of language and so vigorous a style; and it is curious that a man who has so strong an aversion to book-

making should have had a greater immediate success as an author than any other writer now living, except Lord Macaulay.—*Saturday Rev.*

CHROMOLITHOGRAPHY: TURNER’S ULYSSES.—It is an ambitious and daring thing to essay the rendering in chromolithography of one of those works in which Turner is most himself, and most inimitable. Ulysses defies Polyphemus in the wonderful Turner picture in Marlborough House; and Messrs. Rowney defy Turner in a chromolithograph which they have just produced of the picture, as a sequel to the Old Téméraire. No one would have dreamed five or six years ago that this then nascent process of rendering colored works in fac-simile could be applied, with any degree of success, to a picture of such intricacy, variety, and pitch of color, as the Ulysses; yet here we have it reproduced with extreme skill, vast labor, and as much success as will suffice to enchant the general eye, and make people protest that, save for difference of size, the copy could not be known from the original. If this kind of work is to be viewed as a tour-de-force, we may say that the executants have done more than any one would have been justified in demanding or expecting: but the fact is, that such art as that of Turner’s consummate power cannot be imitated by any mechanical process with a result valuable to art. It can only be coarsened and cheapened, and the edge of public taste dulled by the illusive approach to the more obvious qualities of that whose nobler essence and refinements remain forever out of reach. The reproducers have done a difficult thing cleverly, but not a good thing well.—*Spectator.*

From The Spectator.

## WINGED WORDS ON CHANTREY'S WOODCOCKS.\*

IF not one of the curiosities, this volume may be ranked as one of the amenities or pleasantries of literature. The subject was a "lucky hit"; the treatment of that subject could only succeed by some happy inspiration almost as lucky; the introductory anecdotes brought together by the editor and part-author, Mr. Muirhead, are singular in their way; the book itself is worthy of its cognates.

It was a peculiarity, perhaps a weakness of Chantrey, to pique himself upon being a crack angler and shot; though one of his biographers, Mr. Holland, has his misgivings on both points. However, on a visit to Holkham, in 1829, he killed two woodcocks with one shot. The exploit was rare, especially in the neatness with which it seemed to be done; for the second bird rose in a line with the first, (which Chantrey admits he alone saw), and fell through coming into fire. The industry of Mr. Muirhead has shown, that however strange the lucky hit, it is by no means unexampled in modern times. Thus, in 1853, Colonel Shands performed the same feat, and with circumstances more surprising; for, unless we take the sportsman's own explanation, the deed seems to emanate from that Irish gun which could shoot round a corner.

"I was walking," writes the Colonel, "towards a large clump of hollies, with the keeper about twenty yards on my right, when two cocks got up together, one flying to the left of the clump, and the other to the right. I fired at the left bird, and brought him down; calling out to the keeper to mark the other; when he replied, 'I saw only one bird which you killed.' This surprised me, as I had picked up my bird considerably to the left of the clump, and quite out of sight of the keeper. But while we were discussing the matter, and trying to account for the extraordinary disappearance of the second cock, my old bitch Belle was observed at a dead point, about forty yards beyond the clump of hollies; and there we found the missing bird under her nose. The only way in which I can account for the circumstance is, that the right-hand bird must have crossed the line of sight just as I fired at the bird on the left; which, by the way, fell within twenty yards of the gun."

\* *Winged Words on Chantrey's Woodcocks*. Edited by James Patrick Muirhead, M.A. Published by Murray.

"The late Lieutenant Kirkes, R.N., brought down at one shot six snipes out of a wisp of seven. His son, Captain Kirkes, by a still more wonderful chance, killed (in 1856) with one barrel a grouse on the wing and two hares sitting; the hares having been 'formed' together, on a rising ground towards which the grouse was flying when the shot was fired. \* \* \* During the frost and snow of December 1856, a man of the name of Croft is said to have killed on the banks of the river Wyre, near the Shard, Hambleton, no fewer than one hundred and eighteen gray plovers at one shot; and at another shot, on the same day, sixteen ducks; using, however, a sort of large swivel-gun, fixed in a boat, and loaded with a quarter of a pound of powder and one pound of shot."

All these destructive men could tell their friends of their exploits by the living voice; but Chantrey could speak in marble, and he did so. He sculptured the birds, even as they fell, on a marble tablet, and presented it to his host.

This shot, or more truly its record in marble and its position at Holkham, became a subject for many pens. The majority of the verses naturally took the form of the original epigram—an inscription with a pointed conclusion; a few were of a more narrative character, and one or two by Mr. Muirhead almost became ballads. Some of the authors are of names distinguished in letters,—as Dean Milman, the Bishop of Oxford, Archdeacon Wrangham, Jeffrey. Others are men celebrated in other walks of life,—as Lord Wellesley, Lord Tenterden, and Baron Alderson. The volume consists of a collection of these jeux d'esprit, with some that seem to have been written by the editor expressly for publication. The total number of pieces, including translations from the original Greek and Latin, amount to one hundred and sixty-nine, with prologue and epilogue.

The literary men, we think, show the best. They have greater terseness and force, if not more felicity. The theme is mostly the obvious one—death and deathlessness from the same hand: and Milman is the foremost in point of brevity.

"LXII.

"Uno ictu morimur simul uno vivimus ictu."  
The Bishop is not amiss; neat and courtly, as becomes a bishop, though the compliment is not quite true as regards the shot.

"XIII.

"Life in Death, a mystic lot,  
Dealt thou to the winged band;

Death—from Thine unerring shot,  
Life—from Thine undying hand."

Jeffrey contributed two, each good in its way.

"XXII.

"The life the sportsman-artist took,  
The artist-sportsman could restore;  
As true and warm in every look,  
And far more lasting than before!"

"LXXXVII.

"The sculptor kill'd them at one shot.  
And, when the deed was done,

He *carr'd* them—first, upon one oast,  
And then, upon one stone!"

With the exception of a tail-piece of pheasants by Chantrey and a medallion of him, the illustrations turn upon the woodcocks; their monument, the place where they fell, and the place where they might have lived.

**PARCHMENT-PAPER.**—Paper is one of those substances of which it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the value and importance. How wonderful is it to reflect that, as the material productions of the soil, and the sustentation of life, depend mainly on the agency of animal and vegetable refuse, so one of our greatest comforts and conveniences, one of the most powerful agents in the advance of intellectual, social, and moral improvement, derives its origin from a no more dignified source than a pulp composed of old rags!

The merits of paper are known to all; but it still has its defects. It is not strong enough or durable enough for important legal documents; and its fragility renders it incapable of bearing the wear and tear of the school-room or lending library in the shape of books, maps, &c. To remedy the former of these deficiencies, recourse is had to the skin of the sheep in the form of parchment; but for the latter there has been as yet no resource; at least none before the discovery which it is our purpose to introduce to our readers.

We are so accustomed to wonderful things now-a-days, that we seem almost to expect them in regular succession from month to month; still, our admiration is excited when we are told that a very cheap and simple process will give to paper the tenacity and toughness hitherto sought in parchment alone. The assertion rests upon authority to which we feel bound to defer as fully competent in such matters.

The only thing necessary for this purpose is, to provide a bath, in the form of some wide shallow dish, composed of dilute sulphuric acid, in the proportion of two parts of acid to one of soft water. The paper is drawn rapidly through this liquid, and immediately washed in fresh water, to remove the superfluous acid.

This, when dry, is called "parchment-paper;" and if science will accept a term from us, the process might be called "membranization." It appears that, under the influence of the acid, the fibres of the paper suffer some sort of contraction, so that they lay hold of one another, and cling together on some new princi-

ple of cohesion: we are not disposed to think that any chemical change takes place.

It is asserted that a ring of this kind of paper has actually sustained a greater weight than one of the same size of thin parchment. This being so, it is clear that a great economy may take place in the preparation of legal documents, and in the books and other requisites exposed to rough handling; for the process of membranization is so simple, and the material used in it so cheap, that if done on the grand scale at the paper-mills, the extra cost will be quite a *minimum*. Perhaps this may occupy a place in the cheap-literature questions of our day. At present, a "cloth" cover for an octavo volume costs a shilling. One of parchment-paper may probably be sold for half the money.

While on this subject, we shall dwell for a moment on certain other modes of effecting changes in paper, which may be useful in many ways, and are, to say the least interesting in a scientific point of view.

If a bit of good white soap be boiled in soft water until an oily fluid is produced, and two coats of this fluid are laid with a brush upon any sort of paper and when dry, coated again with a strong solution of alum, the paper so prepared will be converted into *leather*, without losing the appearance of paper. By this process, we have rendered even blotting-paper waterproof.

The same may be done by using an albuminous substance, as the white of eggs, which the alum will also convert into leather. Other ideas of the same kind are actively working in those busy heads which have done so much to advance the material comforts of our species within the last quarter of a century; and it is quite possible that in this, as in many other things, we may be still only on the verge of improvements to which no limit can be forseen at present.—*Chambers' Journal*.

**COAL USED BY THE ROMANS.**—Did the Romans discover and make use of coal prior to their invasion of Britain?—*Notes and Queries*.



## MY SISTER'S SLEEP.

FROM an English periodical called "The Germ," which lived only a few weeks, but counted among its contributors an extraordinary amount of real genius. This beautiful poem appeared anonymously:—*Transcript.*

SHE fell asleep on Christmas eve.

Upon her eyes most patient calms;  
The lids were shut; her upland arms  
Cover'd her bosom, I believe.

Our mother, who had lean'd all day  
Over the bed from chime to chime,  
Then raised herself for the first time,  
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread  
With work to finish. For the glare  
Made by her candle, she had care  
To work some distance from the bed.

Without there was a good moon up,  
Which left its shadows far within;  
The depth of light that it was in  
Seem'd hollow like an altar-cup.

Through the small room, with subtle sound  
Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove  
And reddened. In its dim alcove  
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,  
And my tired mind felt weak and blank;  
Like a sharp, strengthening wine, it drank  
The stillness and the broken lights.

Silence was speaking at my side  
With an exceedingly clear voice:  
I knew the calm as of a choice  
Made in God for me to abide.

I said, "Full knowledge does not grieve:  
This which upon my spirit dwells  
Perhaps would have been sorrow else:  
But I am glad 'tis Christmas Eve."  
Twelve struck. That sound, which all the  
years

Hear in each hour, crept off; and then  
The ruffled silence spread again,  
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat.  
Her needles, as she laid them down,  
Met lightly and her silken gown  
Settled: no other noise than that.

"Glory unto the Newly-Born!"  
So, as said angels, she did say:  
Because we were in Christmas-day,  
Though it would still be long till dawn.

She stood a moment with her hands  
Kept in each other, praying much;  
A moment that the soul may touch,  
But the heart only understands.

Almost unwittingly, my mind  
Repeated her words after her;  
Perhaps though my lips did not stir;  
It was scarce thought, or cause assign'd.

Just then in the room over us,  
There was a pushing back of chairs,  
As some who had sat unawares  
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

Anxious, with softly stepping haste,  
Our mother went where Margaret lay,  
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they  
Have broken her long-watch'd for rest!

She stoop'd an instant, calm, and turn'd;  
But suddenly turn'd back again;  
And all her features seem'd in pain  
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearn'd.

For my part, I but hid my face,  
And held my breath, and spake no word:  
There was none spoken; but I heard  
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bow'd herself and wept.  
And both my arms fell, and I said:  
"God knows I knew that she was dead."  
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn,  
A little after twelve o'clock,  
We said, ere the first quarter struck,  
"Christ's blessing on the newly-born."

## THE DARK HOUR ERE THE DAWNING.

SHE rocks her baby to and fro,  
Crying aloud in anguish wild:  
"I cannot bear that deadlier woe,  
So, God of mercy, take my child."  
Poor soul! her act belies the prayer  
She breathes into the midnight air—  
It is before the dawning.

For while she speaks, her arms enfold  
The babe with a still tighter clasp;  
As fearing death so stern and cold,  
Should hear and rend it from her grasp.  
She knows not—were that dark hour past—  
Of hers, 'tis doomed to be the last,  
The one before the dawning.

You had not wondered at the prayer,  
If you had seen that hovel poor,  
And known what she had suffered there,  
Since first the grim 'wolf' forced the door:  
But the prayer sped; the widow's pride,  
Of sickness—not of hunger—died,  
An hour before the dawning.

Half thankful, half remorseful, now  
This only treasure, hers no more—  
Tears raining on its marble brow,  
She lays upon her pallet poor,  
Then whispers, "Would I too might die,  
And so together we should fly  
To seek a brighter dawning."

The dawning came, and with it brought  
Tidings of friends, and wealth restored;  
They fell scarce heeded, as she sought  
The little corpse, and o'er it poured  
Her wild lament, her ceaseless moan  
That such had found her all alone—  
No child to share the dawning.

And now she murmurs day by day:  
"O God, that I had learned to wait;  
'Tis so much harder than to pray,  
As I have found, alas! too late,  
I might have deemed the worst was past,  
And that dark hour must be the last,  
The one before the dawning."

—Chambers' Journal.

RUTH BUCK.

From Titan.

## ONLY A WOMAN'S STORY.

June 3.—Once again I look upon green, growing, ever-fresh and sweet trees and flowers. The wind, too—how softly yet cheerily it blows in at this window—even the wind has been a forbidden visitor, and I am thankful to feel its hand once more. I am like a little child; everything seems new to me, and bright, as though a mist of worldly cares had been wiped away since last I looked on Nature.

When first thought of, it seems hard that women have so much necessary suffering; that it is part of their daily life; not, as with men, an accidental circumstance. But, in reality, how wonderfully wise and beautiful a dispensation it is! Pure and youthful feeling is indispensable to a woman. Yet, with her many wearing cares—small, it may be, but constant, and most difficult to remain noble under, because there is little that is great or glorious in the trials themselves, but only in the *bearing* them—how shall we keep this woman true to her own higher nature? Could we devise a better discipline than every fresh *child* brings to the busy mother? Death—awful, mysterious death—seems to stand waiting for her for many days before the child is born. She sees all things through his shadow. "It may be there is no to-morrow for me," is an ever-recurring thought. "On whom can I lean for comfort? To whom can I leave all these dear ones?"

What woman is a sceptic then? The darker and nearer comes the shadow of death, the brighter shines the Light of lights, till the darkness becomes glorified, and death is swallowed up in victory. None know the true rest in God so well as those who have spent days and nights in searching after what is best for the future happiness of the beloved, and have sought in vain. Plan after plan is laid aside, because it has some flaw in it; and then comes the thought, what chance is there that anything will happen as I have imagined? Look back, foolish soul, and see how different was the actual from the imagined or wished for! So struggles the spirit, and beats itself against the bars of fate, till, torn and weary, it drags itself to the feet of the All-wise, and there finds rest and peace.

My little baby sleeps softly in her cradle by my side. How seems the world to thee,

my babe? One little fat fist is doubled, as though she already heard the fight of life; but did ever soldier wear so sweet a smile, or breathe so calmly?

Here come my two merry boys. I know it by the banging of doors and the shouting: it is like a rush of sea-breeze. Now they are "*hushing*" one another. "Dear little sister is asleep." Such *loud* hushing! And each rosy face comes for a peep at baby.

July 1.—Robert and I had a long delightful walk last evening up our "glen." I found it rather steep; but then I had his arm to help me, and the breeze on that sweet green hill at the end of the glen was so refreshing. My little pet milk-wort, the harebells, and mountain-flax, that grow so luxuriantly there, seemed to give me a welcome to our favorite seat under the old blown-about thorn.

We had a long talk about our children, and tried to settle how we were to educate them. When I see so many fail in that most difficult of all the tasks that God has set us, the making *good* men and women—I feel, oh, so fearful for our dear ones—so pure, and sweet, and guileless *now*! I have one great comfort: I have noticed that want of unity between the parents is the greatest cause of want of success in training up children.

Children are very close observers (I have seen that in mine), and are more influenced by example than precept. Besides, when the heads of a household are at variance, there can be no consistent plan pursued.

How thankful I am that we have not that misery to contend with! I could scarcely keep back the tears of joy and gratitude, when I thought of all that, last evening. Robert was busy groping among the soft moss and wild thyme for little shells for the children. I wonder what were his thoughts? and I wonder, too, why I did not ask him! and why, when he said I had been silent so long, he feared I was tired. I let him think *that*, and not great love and joy, made me silent and pale. That is the way I always do when I feel deeply. I wish I could show him my whole heart more easily; but he does not mind my not doing so, and it therefore does not matter.

July 29.—Annie Malitus is coming to spend a few weeks with us. I wonder if she is like her mother—sweet, unselfish, gentle Mary Malitus. I well remember her visits

to our home. How happy she made us all, with her cheery ways. "She is so thoughtful of others' feelings," my mother used to say.

August 14.—Annie Malitus and Robert have gone for a long walk, so I have time to write a little in my diary. She is not *at all* like her mother; but is a lively, pleasant girl. She is very pretty; I cannot keep from looking at her. It is a pleasure to watch her slight, graceful figure moving about the room, or to see the sun shine on, her bright brown hair.

Baby has been ailing lately, and kept me more than ever at home. Do I sacrifice too much to my children? *He* said so yesterday. O, children, children—there is the crack in too many households that lets discord in! Yet, if husband and wife are *one*, that can never be. But is it possible for a man to fully sympathize with an anxious mother's feelings? Or can a woman, daily tried by small cares as she is, ever learn of him not to feel or fret about *little* troubles? O, what constant seeking to enter into the heart's bitterness, on each side—what tenderness for each other's special frailties—it must need. God give us such abundant love and compassion toward each other. Often my husband is grieved or anxious about things that seem to *me* of no importance; and I often feel inclined to smile at his anxiety (have done so, I fear); but often the thought comes and stops me, that *he* feels it a trial—he is troubled by it; my not feeling it does not make him feel it less, but adds vexation to vexation, or may make him hide his feelings from me next time, and so lay the first brick in that wall of partition which so many I now pity have built in that same heedless way. Often and often I think this—but, I fear, not often enough.

August 21.—My dear friend Mrs. Elliot was here this morning. It is always a pleasure to see her bright face. I never feel afraid of her; never am uncomfortable if the room is ever so untidy, or the children ever so noisy—which is fortunate; for our boys are so fond of her, I cannot keep them away.

"There, my dear," she said to Herbert, this morning, "is my *best* gold pencil-case; and here," feeling in her pocket, "is *such* a clean piece of paper. Pray, draw me a picture?" And so he was quietly set to work.

"And what have I got here for my little pet? A biscuit, I declare! I wonder if little Robby could sit on that stool and eat it, and look at this funny pocket-book of mine. And now for baby!"

And so she managed to amuse them all, her tongue going fast to me between her chatter to them.

"I have not seen you these many days, my dear," she said; "and I feel as though all were not right if I have not had a peep at you. I don't know what I should do without you, Gertrude."

It is very sweet to be over-appreciated—makes me feel very amiable, and very humble. I told her so, and how she seemed to fill the place of mother-in-law to me.

"Do I indeed, my dear?" she said; "and yet I over-appreciate you, you say; and I'm sure you do the same to me. That is strange. Well! it only shows my theory is right. And now I remember what I came for. I bring an invitation to your visitor (I hear she is *so* charming) from your father-in-law and his daughters to spend a week with them."

I thanked her for Annie, and then asked what she meant by her *theory*.

"Why, my dear, I've come to the conclusion—now don't be shocked—looking round among my friends, and seeing that if you want a favorable idea of a woman, *don't* go to her mother-in-law, and *vice versa*.—Well, my dear, I've come to the conclusion, that it can't be either mother or daughter-in-law's fault."

"Indeed!" I said. "What is the cause, then?"

"It is, my dear, the putting mothers and daughters-in-law *down one another's throats*—that's it!" she said, laughing merrily at her idea, and giving baby a toss so high, she looked almost frightened.

"Let a child see some jam, you know, my dear, and want it, and ask for it—perhaps steal it—and he thinks it very good. But *cram* that same sweet down his throat, and tell him he *must* eat it, it is his duty to like it—and how the child hates that same jam all his life! Don't you see the sense of it, my dear?"

I was laughing too much to answer—partly at my boys' looks of astonishment.

"So you see, my dear," she continued, without waiting for my reply, "my first way

of reforming the world in that matter would be, to make every one understand that mothers and daughters-in-law *need* not love one another unless they like. Shouldn't I raise a storm? Why, all the novels ever written would be thrown at me. But what a reformed world I should have! for you see, my dear, it is much pleasanter and happier for all concerned to love one another; and feeling this, each party would set about trying to *be lovable* to one another, just as they would to any one else they wished to please. And so, if they suited one another, and *could* love one another—for you *can't* love some people, except as your *neighbor*, you know, my dear—why, they would be very happy and grateful to one another; and if they couldn't, then neither party would feel it a grievance. While now, you know, or rather *I* do," she continued, not leaving me a moment's time to speak in—"you are too young to have seen so much—each party, or at least one side or the other, makes herself as disagreeable as she can and says, 'Why don't you love me? How wicked you are and unnatural! It is your duty to love me, and you *must*.'"

I was *going* to try and get in a word of objection to her odd theory, which I put down here because, like most of her ideas, it has some truth in it, and *I* may be a mother-in-law some day; but, just as I began to speak, came a ring at the bell, and in came Miss Annie, laughing, and in high glee, from a ride with Robert, her face glowing with the fresh wind, her bright brown hair parted so smoothly on her pretty white forehead, her eyes dancing with delight—she was a bit of beaming youthfulness, pleasant to look upon; and so more eyes than mine seemed to think.

Robert said he could not stay, he had no more time to spare, and was gone almost without a word, only running back to tell me that Annie was tired and hungry, and I had better send the children away; and, throwing a pair of gloves into Annie's lap, with "Please mend these before this evening, and be sure and be in time," was gone. Well, when I write it down, there seems nothing to be vexed about; I must have been in a cross humor, for I even sent my little darlings away angrily.

Annie soon told me what they had been

planning for this evening. She thought I should go, too; but he will enjoy himself quite as well without me. And it was not convenient to me to go.

August 27.—Annie has gone to spend a week at Robert's old home: the dear girls want a little change. How cross and unreasonable I have been lately; but Robert has not noticed it. I will turn over a new leaf.

I must make every thing very bright and comfortable this evening, that he may not feel it dull. I think I shall put on my new dress; he said it became me. How foolish I am! I never felt afraid his home was dull before. There, I will put away those fancies, for fancies they are. What would Robert say, if he knew? I seem to have hardly seen him lately. There again! I won't write any more, but fetch baby: all bad thoughts fly away when I look into her innocent eyes, or feel her soft face pressed to mine, in her pretty, loving way.

August 28.—Last night I waited and waited, but no Robert came. The boys went to bed crying, for I had promised them a game with "papa." It grew dark, and I sat waiting, imagining all kinds of accidents. I saw him lying, thrown from his horse, on the ground. "This moment," I thought, "he may be dying for want of help, and I sit quietly here!" I went out, and listened, but could hear nothing but my heart going thump—thump. I was just thinking I could bear it no longer, but must start off in search of him, when a messenger came to say he had gone to his *father's* on business, and I was not to wait up. And this morning, when I asked him what *urgent* business it was, he said, hurriedly, "Oh, only something he wanted to see his father and Tom about; and I must not be surprised if he were late to-night, as he might have to see his father again."

I am writing, for I cannot settle to anything else. I have worked till the tears dimmed my eyes too much; needlework is bad for a troubled mind—allows it to dwell on sorrows it had better forget; over and over again the same song goes in time to the needle. I have read, but I read my own thoughts instead of the book. Oh, it is bitter, bitter! but it is a lesson that must come, sooner or later. It is sweet—if it is the greatest joy this world can give—to know



that one human being cares for you above all others, that there is one whose happiness is not complete unless you share it; but it is so great a joy, this world never gives it long. I see that now. We should become too satisfied with earthly love; it is taken from us in its perfection, to lead us to the only One who loveth ever. I say this to myself; but at present it does not comfort me.

September 4.—Soon after Annie returned yesterday, my friend, Mrs. Elliot came to see me, dear, warmhearted woman. She has the usual fault of those generous natures—rather too plain a way of speaking her mind, and, sometimes, when angry, of saying more than she means. She frightens poor me. She says at once, plainly, and, I believe, without premeditation, what would cost me hours of consideration to put into fit words, and weeks of cowardice and battling with myself to say them. It may lose her some friends, but it is more truthful, and therefore, I suppose, more right. After this preface (it is well no one but myself has to read my long sermons), I must put down what suggested it. I thought by my friend's trembling lip, and her restless ways, she had something on her mind.

Annie was busy reading, but Mrs. Elliot kept looking at her every moment while we were talking about the children. I went out of the room to fetch my work, and when I came back the storm had burst.

"It is well," Mrs. Elliot was saying, "for young ladies to be friendly and at ease with gentlemen, instead of so foolishly shy, that they are uninteresting and silly. No one dislikes such senseless nonsense more than I do. But really that is better, at least does less mischief, than the contrary, when women forget their own proper, retiring, modest behavior, and devote themselves, regardless of every one else, to any gentleman who may happen to please them."

Annie opened her eyes in astonishment. I could scarcely keep from laughing, though rather frightened, it was so like what I had been thinking.

"No one ever spoke to me in that way before," Annie said, flushing up.

"No, my dear," Mrs. Elliot replied; "but many have *thought* as I do, depend upon it, and therefore you may thank me for being honest enough to *tell* you. Woman, my dear, was sent into this world to *heal* broken

hearts not to *make* them. It is one of her especial duties to see that her own enjoyment is not built on another's unhappiness; not to be content that she does not *mean* any harm, but to look carefully, and see whether, meaning or not meaning, she is *doing* it. If any one entering a household leaves that household less happy by her means, that woman, I say, has done a great wrong, and, unless she makes up her mind to do differently in future, had much better stay at home. There is plenty of sorrow in the world, without giddy young girls adding to it, my dear."

"My dear Mrs. Elliot, what is the matter?" I got time at last to exclaim.

"Oh, don't you know? Has she not told you?"

"I don't boast of my sins, at least," said Annie, forcing a smile.

"Very right, my dear; but better than that would be, not to have them. My dear Gertrude, she has refused your brother, my friend, Tom Somner, and when I ask her how it is she has done so, she says simply, because she does not care for him. She thinks him very amiable, and agreeable, and all that—but *marry* him! Think of it, my dear, after the way she has treated him: such walking together, such moon-gazing, such sweet private talks, such looking into one another's eyes! My dear, I saw a great deal, and heard more; so don't defend her."

"Mrs. Elliot, what else could I do? He was the only person there. I could not sit and mope all day, or refuse to go anywhere for fear he would like me. How ridiculous! I liked him, and found him pleasant company. It is not my fault if he admired me; is it, Gertrude?"

"No one else there, Miss Malitus?" exclaimed my warm friend, before I could speak; "no young gentleman, you mean. Was there not his father and his four sisters? How many moonlight walks did you take with *them*, my dear? and how much of their company did you seek, nice girls as they are? Ah, Miss Malitus, there is the fault. If you had taken equal pains to please father, sisters, and brother, had thought of their pleasure as much as Tom's and your own, he would have made no such foolish and sad mistake. I am angry, for his sake, my dear; he is too good to have his happiness destroyed by a silly girl's thoughtlessness."

And, bidding us a hasty "good-by," my dear, hot-tempered friend hurried away.

I must say I was glad; for, though what she said was very true, as I know too well, yet it was not pleasant to hear it said so plainly. Poor Annie! she leaves us to-morrow.

November 2.—Our baby, our darling is dead. At last I have courage to write it. Perhaps I shall feel better now—perhaps the writing that will bring the reality of this life back to me. I must shake off this selfish lethargy; I must leave you, my sweet one, and come back to my many duties, and, yes, to those still so dear left to me.

I was sitting to-day, with my work in my lap, looking—looking—but seeing nothing but the great, great trouble—sitting as I know I have sat so often lately—when my youngest boy came softly, and, laying his head on my knee, sobbed as though his little heart were breaking.

"What is it, my boy?" I said.

But he only struggled with his sobs. I took him in my arms, and kissed him and entreated him to tell me. At last—

"Oh, baby—baby!" he cried—"oh, I wish it had been me, and then you would not mind so much."

I looked up at Herbert. He was trying to appear deep in his drawing, but every moment large splashes of tears came down on the paper. Oh, what a selfish wretch I have been! nursing my own grief, and never seeing or remembering that others felt almost as much as I—almost, oh, not quite: they could not; and I have been adding to their grief the misery of doubting if I loved them! I have tortured them so, I—oh God, forgive me! I took my boy to my heart, and prayed his forgiveness, and entreated him always to believe I loved him now as much as when he was a baby, like our sweet darling; whatever I might seem, to trust me, and oh, to drive away, as a deadly enemy to all happiness, any jealous thoughts. Poor child! he sobbed himself to sleep in my arms; and I shed tears, refreshing tears, over him—the first, except in dreams, since baby left us.

November 18.—It rained and blew last night. I could not sleep. My tender little one!—that I did not let a rough wind blow

upon—who nestled so warm against my bosom all night—who, when the rain fell at night, I drew closer to me, and thought pitifully of those poor mothers who are without shelter or warm covering for their dear ones—my soft, warm little darling!—how could I bear to think of her—so cold, so cold—the rain coming down—down;—pitiless cold rain!—unloving, damp earth!

O, how I envied the houseless mother; for she clasps her baby warm in her arms. And I—I wandered from the window: I could scarce keep my hands from taking down my cloak and bonnet, and going to my darling.

I know that God will guard her better—O, far better!—than I should. I know that it was right and best that she should leave us, or it had not been. I know, I am sure of all this: in time I shall feel it; I cannot yet; and He who sees into the mother's heart, and is so much more merciful than any earthly judge, will pardon me.

"What is the matter, Gertrude?" Robert said, roused by my restless moving about the room.

"Only the windows want fastening—the wind is so high," I answered, in as cheerful a voice as I could.

"You should have asked me, dear. Mind you don't take cold;" and he was fast asleep again.

O, when shall I be truthful about my own feelings! I, who would have given so much for his sympathy, will not let him know that I need it.

I took his hand, heavy with sleep, in mine, and kneeling down with it pressed to my bosom, prayed God to put away from us this dreadful cold wall of partition that has grown up in our hearts; for now my baby has left me who used to comfort me with her sweet love, I feel it more and more.

December.—I have been selfish, blind, wicked. I will write it down. I have owned it—I have said it; and a great load is taken from my heart.

It is not the sins of others that weigh the spirit down: we can forget, we can forgive them. It is when we see others' sins through our own, that they become crushing. The other day—how long ago it seems!—my husband came to me, with radiant face, yet tears

standing in his eyes, and clasping me in his arms, thanked God that the trial was passed. I was frightened. I feared I know not what, and fainted in his arms.

When I came to myself, he was leaning over me, pale and anxious.

"It is only good news, my little wife," he said. "Be thankful it is so. I have dreaded each day to have a very different tale to tell."

And then he told me how he had feared a terrible loss—of money. O, what a joyful bound my heart gave when he said that—*only of money*. But I must not even write here how it was: he has trusted me. This loss would have made us poor—"beggars," he said; but he did not mean that: he had even planned what we were to do—go to Canada, I think. But a great deal he said, I heard as if in a dream.

"O, why did you not tell me?" I cried. "You so anxious, and to tell me nothing!"

And then he said—that, "At first, I was so happy." Think of it—*so happy*! And, soon after, when our baby left us, he did not like to add to my grief; and so waited till it was decided one way or the other.

"Happy!" I said; "I have not been happy for so long—so long. O, if we had only been trusting and confiding to each other!" And then I told him all.

"Do not blame yourself too much," he said. "I feel as though my love must be little what it ought to be, not to have known your thoughts better, or considered your feelings more. I was thoughtless, and perhaps," he said smiling, "made more so by the flattery and attention of a pretty girl; and lately," he said, "I have been lost in keeping, as I thought, sorrow from you, for-

getting on what true happiness depends. Full of my own anxieties, yours have often seemed small and trivial; and then, dear wife, I thought you so engrossed by your children, that what I did, or was, would not affect you."

"Ah, Robert! then you were distrustful too."

"Let us, then," he answered, "be more thoughtful, and more trusting, in future. Let us try to understand and feel for each others' anxieties and frailties; for only so can there be any lasting happiness in married life. I have always seen the importance of these things in others; and felt too sure that *we* should not fail. We shall be more humble in future."

Much more he said, which I shall never forget, but not even this just as I have put it down. For my husband sat silent long after I had ended my confession, his head in his hands, so that I could not see his face. I waited and waited, and almost repented having told him; knelt down before him, and, trying to take his hands away, prayed his forgiveness.

"Not mine," he said at last. "let us ask God to forgive and help us."

And together, with tearful eyes, we prayed him to pity and forgive us. Afterwards, we talked, as I have said. I showed Robert all I had written here, that he might know my whole heart. Henceforth I shall write no diary.

My little babe! my sweet, pure, angel-child! I dreamed last night that she lay in my arms. With her tiny hand she took mine, and placed it in my husband's. When I awoke in tears, his hand clasped mine, and I was at peace.

LANDSEER'S TITANIA.—This picture—one of the attractions of the Royal Academy Exhibition in the Great Exhibition year of 1851—is at present in the hands of Messrs. Jennings, of Chesham, where it will remain till the 12th December on view, together with an engraving from it just executed by Mr. Cousins. Of the picture we spoke at the time of its original appearance; and it loses nothing on a second view as a capital Landseer, and a curious peep

at "the glimpses of the moon" over Fairyland. The engraving, in the combined manner of line and mezzotint, has been produced by Mr. Cousins, we understand, as his art-specimen upon his election as a full member of the Academy. It is in every respect worthy of his high reputation and skill; excellent as a piece of artistic manipulation, and as true to each varying tone, tint, and particular of the picture, as it is well in the power of engraving to be.—*Spectator*.

From The Spectator.

### MURRAY'S LIFE OF JOHN BANIM.\*

THE late John Banim was undoubtedly a man of genius, not merely as a writer of forceful and vivid powers, but as the originator of a new class of prose fiction, grounded upon a new view of national life and character. Whatever else may be said of "The Tales of the O'Hara Family," they presented the Irish peasant in a different aspect from the subject of moral and economical didactics as portrayed by Maria Edgeworth, or the reckless roaring Irishman of the stage and comic song, as personated par excellence by Jack Johnstone. Nor was it only in artistic delineation that the O'Hara Tales had merit; they presented the wrongs of Ireland, dressed in a good deal of fairy fiction and much exaggeration, no doubt, but with truth severe at the bottom; and the brothers Banim may fairly claim the praise of having contributed somewhat to the emancipation of the "hereditary bondsmen." An original view of a nation's life, and the power of exhibiting that life with telling force, is undoubtedly a great thing; but it will not alone suffice for enduring fame, or even for permanent popularity. John Banim stopped short of the effects his genius might have produced, either by the native wildness of that genius, or, as we incline to think, by bad and deficient culture. His scanty education, the humble condition of his family and associates, gave him a familiar acquaintance with his countrymen and a sympathy with their wrongs, but incapacitated him from exhibiting the men or their sufferings in the most artistic way. There was the torrent, tempest, nay the very whirlwind of passion, but Banim had not the temperance to give it smoothness. Strength too frequently degenerated into spasmodic violence; scenes, and sometimes the very structure of the tale itself, were opposed to good moral taste; in the best, or at least the more powerful and successful tales, the effect was often owing to melodramatic "situations" rather than to genuine passion, and to situations of a painful kind. Allowance has to be made for the nature of his subjects and the character of the people; but it will be found, after every allowance, that there was in Banim a morbid turn for the criminal if not

\* *The Life of John Banim, the Irish Novelist.* With Extracts from his Correspondence, General and Literary. By Patrick Joseph Murray. Published by Lay.

the vicious. It is moreover the artist's business to select his materials, which Banim probably did, in the wrong way.

The book in which Mr. Murray records the life and sufferings of perhaps the most original Irish novelist, is not without faults, the most prominent of which is a tendency to Milesian exuberance and amplification. The work, however, possesses some of the prime qualities of a biography; it presents a succinct account of the career of its subject; it furnishes full means of judging of the character and early and later life of the person, if it is itself occasionally mistaken in the judgment pronounced.

John Banim was born at Kilkenny, in 1798. His father appears to have been a sort of general dealer in sporting implements from a fowling-piece to a fishing-rod, and to have combined his trading pursuits with Irish farming, and some sporting on his own account, keeping "a pair of well-bred horses." His mother, in the same rank of life, was a woman of good sense and strong affections. His school education was of the common kind; first at dame schools, (as they would be called in England), and afterwards at "academies." It does not appear that his advances in learning were very great: but his desultory reading was extensive, and from the people among whom he lived or was transiently thrown, young Banim stored up a kind of knowledge that was eventually of more use to him than any he could have got from Irish pedagogues. His genius for fiction displayed itself at a very early age. In his sixth year he is said to have written a fairy tale, and in his tenth year a romance in two thick manuscript volumes. He also wrote poetry, discovered a turn for mechanics, and a taste for the fine arts. Indeed it was painting that he first proposed to follow as a professional pursuit. In 1813 he went to Dublin and became a pupil in the drawing-academy of the Royal Dublin Society, where he obtained a prize. The information respecting this period of his life is meagre; perhaps, as a hard student with scanty means, there is not much to tell: he has limned the family in whose house he lodged and boarded, in *The Nowlans*. On his return to Kilkenny, he was fortunate enough to get employment as a country portrait-painter and teacher of drawing in schools.

At this period of his life he was engaged



in a love affair, as tragical in its issue as any in his own fictions, gloomy as those frequently were. At one of the schools where he taught, was a pupil, a young lady of seventeen, the natural daughter of a gentleman in a neighboring county. Between the master and pupil an attachment sprang up, and was carried on clandestinely, mainly through the culpable good-nature of a teacher in the school. When Banim went to the lady's father to ask his consent to the match, the old man, described as rude and surly, refused him offensively; removed his daughter from the school; and placed her with the mother's family. Banim's letters and portrait were returned, all intercourse was forbidden, and the letters he wrote were intercepted. Doubting her faith, Banim "cursed" her in his rage; but a short time proved the truth of her affection; though it also displayed the weakness of her constitution, if not incipient disease. She was removed from the school in September, and in the following November she died. The immediate effect upon Banim was terrible; its physical consequences not only embittered his life for many years, but brought it to a premature close.

"When he discovered that she was no more, he merely said to his brother, who was appalled by the pain displayed in his features, 'Anne D—— is dead!' and retiring to his bedroom, remained in solitude and silence.

"He rose early the following morning: it was cold November weather; the rain was falling, and a gloom was in the sky and upon the earth. Banim left his home, wishing once more to look upon the victim who had been so dear in life, but who now, in death, was dearer than ever. He was too poor to hire a chaise; he borrowed a horse; but he could not endure the slow, steady pace of the animal, and when about a mile from Kilkenny sent it back by a country child, and continued his way on foot.

"He never knew by what route or how he traversed the twenty-five dreary miles which lay between him and the corpse of his beloved, but night had closed around the dripping weary man as he reached the farm-house where the body of Anne D—— lay. None of her relatives were present as he entered, and but few friends sat around. He stood beside the dead one's head, and the long black lashes of the closed eyes resting upon the pallid cheek, the shrunken features, and the worn look of her he had once thought so beautiful, from whom he had so recently parted in all the glory of her youth, terrified him, and he gazed upon her, but shed no

tear. His face of agony attracted the attention of those persons who had gathered by the coffin; and as he stood beside its head, one of Anne's half-sisters recognized him, called him the murderer of her sister, and demanded that he should be thrust from the room.

"At first Banim felt indignant at this cruel conduct; but suddenly he thought that if Anne had never loved him she might then be living happily; had she never met him she might be joyous and in health—but now she was a wreck of hope, of peace, of life; and, scarcely daring to look upon her, he tottered from the room. He had eaten nothing since the preceding day; he felt no hunger, but entering an out-house, sank upon the wet straw of a car-shed, and there in a stupor of grief, continued until he heard the funeral guests assembling.

"He rose, reëntered the house, and being permitted to stand beside the coffin, saw the face of his Anne for the last time, as the coffin-lid hid it for ever. He followed the body to the churchyard, stood by as the earth was piled up, and when all had departed cast himself upon the fresh green mound that marked the grave of his first love. He never could recollect where the night succeeding the day of woe was passed, but the following morning his brother met him about ten miles from home. Leaning upon the arm extended to him, he trailed his limbs along until he reached his father's house. With his brother's help he ascended to his room; and though from the time when they had met upon the road no word had been spoken by either, yet when entering his apartment he appeared to recognize it; the feeling of consciousness was but momentary, and he sank upon his bed powerless and senseless, prostrated in mind and body.

"During the twelve months succeeding this day Banim merely existed. The whole system seemed shattered. His head ached so violently, that in his paroxysms of pain his body rocked with an involuntary motion so violently that as his head rested upon his mother's breast it required all the latter's strength to curb the violent swaying of the sufferer. 'It seemed,' he said, 'as if the brain were surging through the skull from rear to front and from front to rear alternately.' He lost all anxiety for his profession, or for literature; no occupation could interest him; he could rarely be induced to leave the house; and when he did go abroad he quickly became wearied; he seldom spoke: and thus his first love laid the seeds of that frightful suffering which during the greater part of his existence rendered him one of the most miserable of men. The three nights of suffering and exposure to which

at Anne D——'s decease he was subjected broke down the stamina of life, and left him at twenty years of age a victim to spinal disease, which but a few years later reduced him to a crippled body, whilst gifted with a mind active as ever genius possessed; his fate indeed was harder than that of Tantalus.

"The first symptom of returning health evinced by the sufferer was the composition of some verses: they show the weary spirit that would free itself from all recollections of the past, and would

'Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain.'

"Sorrow, however, at nineteen cannot be very deeply seated, and he must be melodramatic indeed who fancies that in plucking it from his bosom his heart may form its root; and thus, as time rolled on, Banim found that the world had its joys still, even after all his woes."

With restored health came his former activity. He resumed his teaching; he contributed to a local paper, the *Leinster Journal* or *Gazette*, and subsequently became its editor. He also got connected, for a short time, with some convivial Irish bloods, which not only involved him in debt, but made him neglect his business. The provincial sphere he moved in was too narrow for his aspirations, and in 1820 he determined to abandon art, devote himself to literature, and he started for Dublin as a literary adventurer.

At the outset of his career he suffered hardships and privations, but not more than would be experienced in any other calling by a young man who plunged into life in a strange place with scanty means and without regular training. The artist friends who knew him seven years before exerted themselves in his favor; he became connected with several newspapers, and wrote a now forgotten poem, *The Cell's Paradise*, which, through the intervention of Mr. Phillips, he got published in London, and for which he received £20. In little more than a year after his arrival in Dublin, Banim's tragedy of *Damon and Pythias* was, through the exertions of Sheil, brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, with moderate success. The success, however, was enough to rank him among modern tragic poets, and to more than discharge his debts.

A country tour, his marriage, and a definite conception of the O'Hara Tales in conjunction with his less impulsive elder brother Michael, were further sequences of *Damon*

and *Pythias*, as well as a determination to settle in London. He soon got literary employment; and in fact lived mainly by contributing to journals and magazines till the first series of the *Tales of the O'Hara Family* appeared in 1825, and Banim became famous. In less than a year it was followed by *The Boyne Water*, and this by a second series of the O'Hara Tales; the intervals of his time, for leisure, there could have been none, being filled up by "pieces" for the Lyceum, contributions to the press, and the writing of a couple of tragedies. This part of his life, though illustrated by letters to his family, and from the life of Griffin, is yet bare. We hear of extensive literary connexions, as with Moore, Campbell, Washington Irving, and others; yet we see nothing of them, know not how Banim made acquaintance with them, or in what society he mixed. There is as much obscurity about his domestic affairs. Between May 1822 and May 1827 he had written three or four highly successful novels; was "chief adviser" (sic) to Arnold at the English Operahouse (Lyceum); contributed "many pieces" to that establishment, and was incessantly employed in periodical writing: yet the not very long illness of himself and his wife ended in a seizure of his goods. One thing alone is clear, that his health began to give way in 1826, beneath the pressure of his mental exertions, the shock his system had received on the death of his first love, and probably some constitutional peculiarity. In that year he was visited by his brother Michael; who described him as looking forty though only eight-and-twenty. His hair was grizzled; his face was wrinkled, and he tottered as he walked if the distance were many doors off. Henceforth his life was one long and very painful disease. He finally lost the use of his lower limbs, and could only move when lifted; his sole means of taking the air were a hand-chaise or a carriage of some kind. What was worse, the pain was agonizing.

"No day passed without its term of suffering. For at two, or at most three hours after retiring to bed, he might, with the assistance of opiates, forget himself in sleep; he was sure to awake, however, after a short repose, screaming loud from the torture he suffered in his limbs, and along his spine; the attack continuing until exhaustion followed, succeeded by, not sleep, but a lethargy of some hours' continuance. This was not an

occasional visitation, but was renewed night after night. It was not during the hours of darkness only that he suffered—frequently the pains came on in the day-time,—after he endured them all night long, if the weather lowered, or the atmosphere pressed heavily, they were present in the day: to say nothing of his decrepitude, few of his hours were free from agony."

In 1833 a public appeal was made to relieve his distress, which threatened imprisonment at Boulogne; two years afterwards, on his passage through Dublin on his way to Kilkenny, a benefit was got up at the theatre; and a contribution of £85 was presented to him on reaching his native place. Beyond these efforts, his subsistence depended on his pen, employed in the intervals of agony such as has been described, without the possibility of increasing his materials from

that "life" which had contributed to give their character to his best works, or even refreshing his ideas by the observation of external nature. In 1836 this state of struggle was relieved by a pension of £150 a year, which Banim always attributed to the exertions of Lord Morpeth. He died in 1842, at the early age of forty-four.

It should be observed that "*Tales*" by the O'Hara Family was a truth. The elder brother, Michael, now, "after many struggles with care, the Postmaster of Kilkenny," not only contributed stories, but furnished matter and corrections for those of his brother. John, however, will rightfully be distinguished as the leading author; for he not only directed the form and revised the productions of his brother, but furnished the literary skill and energy that brought them before the world.

THE *Morning Post*, it seems, said of the first edition of Mr. Thomas Cox's *Melancholy, and other Poems*, "Streams of descriptive eloquence roll through its pages, each wave crested with such forms of beauty as to prove that all that the poet touches he makes his own." In the second and improved edition our less impassioned eye can discern nothing but the venial, if not amiable, tendency of youth to make and print commonplace verses on commonplace subjects. The following extract from "Canford House" will give but too good an idea of all the general characteristics of the volume, except its outrageous want of metrical correctness. The reader will observe the freshness and felicity of the diction, and the use of the transitive verb *rise*. Surely if people find an innocent pleasure in writing such verses, they might be content to read them to a family circle, and spare public critics the pain of giving pain:

"In the sky the stars and planets came to deck  
the early night;  
O'er the earth the little glow-worms shed their  
lustrous lamps of light;  
Slow there came an aged shepherd wandering  
o'er the dewy wold,  
Safe his woolly flock were feeding, far away in  
distant fold.  
'Tell me, tell me,' cried the pilgrim, 'what proud  
mansion that may be,  
Standing by the gentle river, frowning o'er the  
daisied lea?'  
'Canford House,' replied the shepherd, 'close  
beside the winding stour—  
Canford House—an ancient legend now shall  
pass the evening hour.'  
From his head, with trembling fingers, then his  
batter'd hat he rose,

O'er his brow down fell the tresses, whiter than  
the Polar snows.

'Dead are all my early comrades, vainly now I  
look around

For the playmates of my childhood, toiling on  
the fertile ground;

All have vanished like a shadow, all have left  
this busy scene,

All are mouldering, sleeping calmly, underneath  
the churchyard green;

Comrades of my early boyhood, friends of man-  
hood, friends of age,

Soon my bones will rot beside them, soon will  
end my pilgrimage.

Birds have ceased to charm the woodland—  
hush'd is now the laurel glade—

And the gloomy earth lies buried deeply in the  
moon's pale shade."

—*Saturday Review*.

DECAY OF IRON RAILINGS.—Every one must have observed the destructive combination of lead and iron from railings being fixed in stone with the former metal, and the oxygen of the atmosphere keeping up the galvanic action between the two metals. This waste might be prevented by substituting zinc for lead, in which case the galvanic influence would be inverted: the whole of its action would fall on the zinc, and the iron would be preserved; and as zinc is oxidated with difficulty, it would at the same time, be scarcely acted on; the one remaining uninjured, and the other nearly so. Paint formed of the oxide of zinc, for the same reason, preserves iron exposed to the atmosphere infinitely better than the ordinary paint which is composed of oxide of lead.—*Timbs's Popular Errors*.

## THE FLAG COVERS THE CARGO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY M. R. P.

## I.

It is eight o'clock in the evening; three persons are assembled in the parlor of a house in the Faubourg St. Denis, two gentlemen, one advanced in life, the other still in its morning; and a young girl. They were all seated around a branch candlestick, placed on a table, which had been drawn near a small fire, sparkling and bright. A silence of some moments had succeeded a moderately animated conversation. The elder gentleman slowly puffed a choice cigar, as if to gain time for reflection; the younger seemed to await with anxiety the answer to a question though as if afraid to hasten it; the young girl her head bent over her sewing, appeared to be busily at work, but in reality was striving to hide the blushes which suffused her cheeks ascending even to the forehead.

At last M. Béllissent—for so was the old man named—decided to speak, after adopting a manner which neither completely authorised or excluded all hope.

"My dear Raymond," said he addressing the young man, "I appreciate the frankness of your confession; I will tell you, with no less frankness, I expected it. You can very well believe, that for the last year, I have not taken the honor of your attentions to myself."

At these words, a slight smile of consciousness dwelt for a moment on the lips of the young girl.

"Then you grant my request!" cried the young man with a joyful movement a little too premature.

"Allow me—I did not say a word of that—please do not go on so fast; that you are excited and eloquent in asking the hand of my daughter, I can well believe; my Agatha is pretty enough to justify your eagerness; but, if you are so enthusiastic, it is my place to reason with calmness and coolness."

The face of the young man was overshadowed.

"You are a brave and honorable young man; I have studied your behavior and character; you possess, and I am glad to be able to acknowledge it, all the qualities I would desire to see in my son-in-law; but good feelings are not sufficient to provide for a

household. Without requiring an enormous fortune, I think, and I believe I am right, that a moderate competency is the first and most essential condition of a firm and lasting happiness. Unfortunately you have neither an inheritance, nor an income, and the profession you have adopted—"

"I know all you are going to say," interrupted Raymond sadly, "you need not take the trouble of finishing. I am delighted to have as the disposer of my fate a man of an enlightened mind; but prejudice is too often deeply rooted, too general in its influence not to control in a slight degree the judgment of even the highest order of men; it would be absurd for me to try to conquer it; I resign myself as its victim."

"You are mistaken in the meaning of my objection; I have not the least pretension to believe myself inaccessible to prejudice; but in this case, I can assure you, I am not influenced by any feelings of such a nature."

"Nevertheless you do not hesitate to reproach me for having adopted literature as a profession;" replied Raymond with bitterness.

"It is true."

"And that is because for centuries literature and misery have been considered inseparable!"

"That is exactly where you are wrong. No, my young friend, I am not absurd enough to believe that garrets have been built expressly for poets or hospitals for dramatic writers: if there are people to be found now-a-days who still hold to this opinion, they must hold to a very strange mistake; at any rate, I am not of the number; I even confess that, without having any ambitious hopes to carry me too far, simple comedy writers would satisfy all my paternal solicitude."

"The truth is," said the young man looking at M. Béllissent with an air of profound astonishment, "I do not understand the grounds of your objection."

"I am going to explain them. I think, Raymond, that you are not wanting in education or talents—"

"You are too kind—"

"A truce to modesty; I do not flatter you; I merely tell you my real opinion. I believe that in connection with talent, you possess everything to enable you to succeed. You have good taste, and write very well; your style is graceful, and you please the upper



class of good society; you are neither cold nor selfish, you know how to speak the language of the heart, and it is that which attracts, moves and enchains the multitude."

"Then you believe in my success with the public?"

"I do not doubt it, but you must first get before this public; that is the difficulty; perhaps an impossible one for you!"

"And why, M. Béllissent?"

"Because, between you, capable of writing a good work, and the public who are able to appreciate it, there exist intermediary persons whose good will and sympathy it is necessary to gain."

"You speak of the managers of a theatre?"

"Exactly so, if you are going to write plays. If you were writing books, I would speak of publishers, though that does not change the point of my argument."

"But, if I have talent, I must necessarily obtain the interest of the managers."

"Yes, when you are known, when you have a name. It is the common law, the most celebrated authors have had to submit to in literature; no one comes before the world with a renown already made. It is necessary then to make it, and to enable you to do this, two things must be called to your aid: the spirit of intrigue,—which you do not possess,—and chance,—which you possess in common with all the world. But do not depend on chance, it will expose you to a long chase after success. Now, if I desire the happiness of my daughter, it will not be gained when her heart is too withered by false hopes, to enjoy the long dreamt of ease; it is only spring flowers which possess beauty and perfume; they are but a deception in winter. But I perceive that Agatha is pouting; I could be certain that the justness of my observations have not gained a victory with her."

"I am thinking, my father, of the sorrow you are causing poor Raymond, which sorrow, I most sincerely share with him."

"My dear children," said M. Béllissent, pressing his daughter's hand, "I have no desire to afflict you. My only thought is your future happiness. If I was rich, you can truly believe me, I would have thrown aside all these reflections; but, the fortune which I cannot bestow on Agatha, I wish her husband to possess, or at least be in a posi-

tion to enable him to obtain it. On this point I am determined."

"And as you have not faith in my powers, you absolutely refuse me?"

"I have not said so, Raymond."

"What, do you then consent, my father?"

"Neither did I say that, my daughter. Listen to me; for the last time: my dear Agatha, you are only seventeen, and as I do not think, at eighteen, you will be an old maid, too aged to marry, you can wait until then without compromising yourself. As to you, Raymond, it is not impossible you will be aided by one of those chances I spoke of just now; work on with courage, succeed, and in one year I will allow you to repeat the question you have asked me this day."

One year before him, and, the one condition of success, the hand of Agatha! Raymond retired triumphantly.

## II.

THREE months after this interview, Raymond was wrapping up with most paternal solicitude a clean manuscript which the copyist had just sent him, then he started with a light face full of hope on the road to the theatre where he destined leaving the fruits of his meditations.

However, in spite of the confidence, natural in an author who has worked well, it was not without a certain sinking that he reached the entrance, and requested the door-keeper if he would be *so kind* as to announce him to the manager.

But it had not entered Raymond's mind of the perfect impossibility for a manager to see the thousand unknown geniuses who walk the streets of Paris, from morning to night, with their heads as full of conceit as their portefeuilles are empty of talent.

Great was his disappointment when the man returned and told him the manager was too much occupied to receive him; great was his regret at having prepared a magnificent address which was all lost and by which he had intended producing the greatest effect. He sadly yielded to the request that he would leave the manuscript and returned home, dispirited and forlorn, his great hopes much shaken by his non-success.

At the end of two weeks, the manuscript was returned, as clean and free from creases as when it left his hands; accompanied with the following note:

"SIR.—I have found in the work you have had the kindness to leave with me, spirited dialogues, well arranged scenes, a plot well carried out, and the different characters traced with skill; unfortunately the subject does not answer to the merit of the execution, and however much I might wish to aid you, etc—"

Raymond did not take the trouble of finishing the reading of a letter which opened in such a manner, but threw it violently in the fire. After this first check to the fulfilment of his hopes, he shut himself up for one month, exhausting all the formulas of despair and lamentation; at last, he wisely reflected, that the judgment of one manager was not irrevocable as far as the rest were concerned, and that, for one theatre closed to him, there were twenty whose gates he could at least attempt to scale.

He recommenced his walks and again made a deposit of his manuscript, which was returned to him, the second time, in all its primitive purity.

The letter accompanying it was as follows:

"SIR.—The plot of the work you have been so kind as to send me is both interesting and original; unfortunately the execution does not equal the force of the subject; the characters are incomplete, the dialogues are feeble and broken, betraying a want of experience in the style needed for the stage; in fact, I do not think your piece could be carried through. With many regrets, etc—"

This time Raymond also felt angry, but he was not discouraged, as the unsoiled appearance of his manuscript too plainly showed that neither of the managers had read it. Consequently, he thought himself authorized in still retaining the good opinion he had from the first entertained of his production; but he was nevertheless convinced of the truth of M. Béllissent's words, that chance alone would enable him to succeed.

Now, as the probability of succeeding by chance depended on the number of attempts, Raymond determined not to stop before exhausting every source. Alas! his manuscript, a new Proteus, under all forms, sometimes comedy, sometimes a comic opera, or vaudeville, returned to him ten times, escorted with polite refusals, courteous regrets, and always without having suffered the least alteration in the original purity of its leaves.

Raymond at last asked himself if chance was not a chimera; it had been refused

by all the directors, except one; and this one had provided for the future success of his theatre, by an engagement with the most fruitful and renowned author of the time, so he could scarcely be considered as a dependence. However Raymond went to him to satisfy his conscience. To his great astonishment, entrance to this last judge was not denied him; he was ushered into the antichamber, where they begged him to wait a few moments.

This opening appeared full of hope to Raymond. "Has my chance at last arrived?" thought he breathing more freely, and his heart lightened by a ray of hope. A door opened; the manager came out of his office, conducting a person to whom he said: "St. Clair may rest satisfied; his manuscript will not remain half an hour in my desk; to-morrow the copyist will separate the parts and I will distribute them. Tell him to remain at the waters and take care of his health which is so precious to our theatre; he need not think of reading over or worrying about the proofs or the title, since he is not satisfied with the one he first chose; before being a manager, I was his collaborator; he can depend on my seeing to these little matters."

The two persons disappeared in the corridor, and though they still continued talking, Raymond could not hear what was said.

"What a happy mortal this St. Clair must be!" thought our young author throwing a sad look on the roll he held in his hand, "his works are not even read over; there is such confidence in their being master-pieces. It is true that mine are not read either; but there is a great difference in their destinies: St. Clair's productions will be rapidly brought before the public, carried far and wide by the puffs of the editors; while mine will find its way to an ignominious silence in my portefeuille. It is a shameful refusal of justice!"

Raymond, looking into the manager's office, felt his chagrin redoubled when he perceived on the desk a manuscript still folded and sealed: "Look at it," cried he becoming still more excited, "Look at this masterpiece which has been so warmly received; if I, poor and unknown, had brought it, there could not be found words humiliating enough with which to return it, whilst my piece, put in its place, thanks to prejudice, would be read with enthusiasm by the manager, learn

with zeal by the actors, played with spirit before the public, who perhaps would ratify the confidence of the actors and manager—Ah! I wish I could, with an easy conscience, make the change! And why could I not?—no one can see me—there is nothing to fear—when an explanation becomes necessary, it will be said that the manager in a moment of absence, made a mistake—as to St. Clair's play, it will be performed a little later, that is all—I must not hesitate, my situation is desperate; one move will end it all!”

Raymond resolutely entered the office, laid his manuscript on the desk, and took that of St. Clair. He then returned to the anti-chamber, where he awaited the return of the manager, to whom he presented St. Clair's work as if it were his own. Finally, after a short audience composed of cold civilities, he returned, leaving a card on which was written his name and address.

What anger and yet pleasure he would have felt, if he had remained in the office, invisible.

Deceived by the change of manuscripts, our manager fastened Raymond's card to St. Clair's production and threw it with much disdain among a vast pile, the grave of all youthful literary effusions. Having fulfilled this first duty, he hastened to unroll Raymond's manuscript, feasting on it with triumphant looks.

“What a brilliant style and vein of humor!” cried he, after reading every scene and page; “it possesses novel situations and a powerful interest!—And how smoothly the plot is unravelled, and unravelled, and finally developed!—It would be impossible to find livelier dialogues, more finished and graceful details. What did my dear St. Clair mean, by writing to me, that the title was not comprehensive enough?—it is complete, perfect; besides, it is attractive, and will look very enticing on the play-bill. Decidedly, it is a capital production; there are two hundred thousand francs for the theatre—*Morbleu!* we must be quick; and have this in three weeks.”

And three weeks after, a high flown puff inserted in all the papers, invited the Parisian public to the first representation of a master piece by the great wit, St. Clair.

The same day, a boy belonging to the theatre, carried the real St. Clair manuscript to Raymond with a note the substance of

which was, that the meagerness of the subject and the weakness of the execution would render the reception of the work impossible.

### III.

ST. CLAIR, suddenly recalled to Paris by important business, arrived just as the crowd were assembling around the theatre. As he had read, in the last paper, the puff before mentioned, caprice induced him to be present incognito, at its first representation. Nothing was easier; he owed to the gratitude of the manager a box for life, of which he had the key.

At the same instant St. Clair opened the door of this box, a young man was hastening along the corridor, trying to find a seat among the workmen but without success.

“It is an insult!” cried he: “I see a crowd of people seat themselves with perfect ease who have free tickets, whilst I, who have paid at the office, am forced to stand, at the door of the orchestra or gallery behind five or six persons similarly circumstanced! I will not stand it; I must hear and see well. If I could get a place in the third tier, however small, I would pay fifty francs for it.”

“Diable,” thought St. Clair, “whether this is a friend or any enemy, he seems interested enough for me to wish to enjoy his applause or watch his disgust.”

And addressing the young man, he eagerly offered him a seat in his box, which was accepted as eagerly.

The young man was Raymond.

Our two spectators had scarcely seated themselves and exchanged a few polite remarks, when the curtain rose; they immediately became silent and attentive, and the same anxiety was painted in their faces which were turned toward the stage. But this unity of expression did not last long. Surprise and discontent were manifested on that of St. Clair; he opened his eyes; and listened with all attention; he pressed his hand to his forehead and examined his memory. Where had his story gone to? What had become of his plot? Where were the actions he had arranged, and the scenes he had drawn? What were the actors doing, he recognized nothing, absolutely nothing. There must certainly be some mystery which he would have explained. This explanation he was about to seek on the stage, when on

arising, his eyes were attracted by his neighbor, in whom he observed, with redoubled surprise, marks of the most violent agitation. Raymond was leaning forward, his neck was stretched far beyond the box; he was red and pale twenty times in a minute; while listening to the performance, he would sometimes hold his breath, as if afraid of disturbing the spectators or losing a word the actors said; sometimes his look would wander from the parterre to the orchestra, from the boxes to the galleries, and his forehead was calm or ruffled, according as there was applauding or silence. At last, an actor having made a mistake, he arose, full of indignation, then sank back in his chair again.

"Ah! how unfortunate! he is wrong, he will kill me, he will spoil every thing!"

"What is the matter, Sir?" said St. Clair, who could not recover from his astonishment.

"What is the matter?" answered Raymond; "I am suffering the agonies of a martyr; here is a lover who does not know his part, and who is killing the piece. There! there is the beloved one who is playing so coldly! And the father does not enter, all will be lost!—it will be hissed. No! it is over—what happiness!"

The astonishment of St. Clair was at its height.

"You appear to take a lively interest in this play, sir?"

"I would give ten years of my life for it to succeed."

"Permit me to observe, that your sacrifice is a little exaggerated."

"What are ten years in exchange for happiness and glory?"

St. Clair looked at Raymond with stupid wonder. It suddenly occurred to him, that he could obtain here some explanation of the mystery he was about to seek. He questioned Raymond, whose feverish state predisposed him strongly to confidence, and he gave, without much entreaty, a true and simple account of all the circumstances. The story was scarcely finished, when the building rang, with loud bursts of applause from all

sides. It was the last scene of the first act which called forth this enthusiasm.

Extreme joy and sorrow are apt to produce the same effects; Raymond felt his strength give way, and the applauding still increasing, he fell utterly unconscious in St. Clair's arms; who called one of the workwomen, to bring a glass of water; seeing at a glance that there was nothing dangerous to result from this emotion.

After leaving Raymond to the care of the woman, he disappeared.

The second act commenced; the parts were *tancée*, to use a green room phrase; that is to say constantly disturbed by stamping and cries of bravo; the finale excited perfect transports; there was a universal call to know the name of the author.

Raymond, entirely recovered, re-entered his box, where this time, he witnessed alone, the success of his work, his strength had returned; but when the curtain rose, when he thought that the actor in solemnly advancing to announce the author's name, was to deprive him of his crown, he felt as if he could not support it, and rose hastily to make his escape—but he was too late; a name struck his ear. But, what surprise and joy! this name pronounced in a loud voice, and which the enraptured crowd saluted with a triple round of applause was his own!

At the same instant, the door of the box opened. St. Clair appeared, embraced him, and, without giving him time to recognize who it was, conducted him to the actor's room, where there was every danger of his again fainting, such was his embarrassment at the manager's compliments as well as those of the entire corps.

Everybody can imagine the finale: how M. Béllissent had no longer any objection to giving Agatha's hand to Raymond—who is now a *chevalier* of the *Légion d'Honneur*, and one of the first of the candidates for a vacant place in the Academy. As to St. Clair's comedy, it was played some months after that of Raymond, and with a success which afforded an ample reward for its long delay.



FALL OF DELHI.

To arms! to arms! once more the cry rolls  
 round our island world;  
 To arms! to arms! once more we wave the flag  
 so lately furled.  
 The temple gates were scarcely closed, the sword  
 had yet its stain,  
 When, rudely shook, the glass of time ran crim-  
 son sands again.

No despot on his polar throne now throws the  
 challenge down,  
 The breath of battle on his lips, the blood upon  
 his crown;  
 The sun-god dies a ruddier death, the moon sheds  
 warmer light,  
 Where under mosque and minaret the turbaned  
 traitors fight.

The stillness of our summer life a shameful  
 whisper stirred,  
 The lightest-hearted hushed their laugh and  
 shuddered as they heard;  
 And as each fearful fortnight flashed its message  
 through the land,  
 Men gripped and drew their sabres with a firmer,  
 fiercer hand.

The dusky chiefs of Hindostan had blown the  
 trump of war,  
 And sworn by all the gods they serve to bear  
 our yoke no more—  
 To lift the Crescent o'er the Cross triumphant  
 in the fight,  
 And set once more on swarthy brows the Dia-  
 dem of Light.

Their thousands to our hundreds—yet our Eng-  
 land kept her fame,  
 In those nine immortal onsets which are stars  
 round Havelock's name;  
 On that day of great deliv'rance, when the Brit-  
 ish guns at noon  
 Seem'd to beleaguer'd Lucknow sweet as wed-  
 ding bells in June.

Delhi fallen! peals the triumph, floats the ban-  
 ner from the keep;  
 Delhi fallen! gleams the wine-cup, shoots the  
 beacon from the steep:  
 Women read with leaping pulses all they did  
 that fighting week,  
 When through the streets together swept the  
 Saxon and the Sikh.

Home and Salkeld at the gate—a sudden crash,  
 a sudden glare!  
 Up the ramparts on the bastions, die the tiger's  
 in their lair!  
 Six days shall see the dark Moglee before the  
 Frank go down—  
 Six days shall vengeance slake her thirst on his  
 accursed town.

The Ghaour treads his jewelled courts—imperial  
 now no more—  
 The British cheer rings through his halls—the  
 Ghoorka spoils his store;  
 The glare of hate, the steam of blood, the wild,  
 despairing yell,  
 Have turned his "earthly Paradise" into an  
 earthly hell.

"Remember us—revenge us"—was written on  
 the room  
 Where mothers, maidens, children lay waiting  
 death and doom;  
 And in the breach of Delhi's walls, by sword  
 and shot, and shell,  
 Avenged were Cawnpore's slaughter-chamber  
 Cawnpore's crimson well.  
*The Press, 28 Nov.* R. F. S.

THE WELL-DIGGER: AN OWER-TRUE  
 BALLAD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

COME listen all while I relate  
 What recently befel  
 Unto a farmer down in Maine,  
 While digging of a well.

Full many a yard he dug and delved,  
 And still he dug in vain;  
 "Alack!" quoth he, "e'en water seems  
 Prohibited in Maine!"

And still he dug and delved away,  
 And still the well was dry;  
 The only water to be found  
 Was in the farmer's eye;

For by the breaking of the bank  
 That tumbled from its station,  
 All suddenly his hope was dashed  
 Of future liquidation!

And now his sands were running fast,  
 And he had died, no doubt,  
 But that just when the well caved in,  
 He happened to be out!

"Aha!—I have a lucky thought!"—  
 Exclaimed this wicked man—  
 "To dig anew this wretched well  
 I see a pretty plan:—

"I'll hide me straight, and when my wife  
 And eke my neighbors know,  
 What's happened to my digging here,  
 They'll think that I'm below!

"And so to save my precious life,  
 They'll dig the well, no doubt,  
 E'en deeper than it was dug at first,  
 Before they find me out!"

And so he hid him in the barn  
 Through all the hungry day,  
 To bide the digging of his well  
 In this deceitful way.

But list what grief and shame befel  
 This false, ungrateful man,  
 The while he slyly watched to see  
 The working of his plan;—

The neighbors all with one accord  
 Unto each other said:—  
 "With such a weight of earth above,  
 The man is surely dead."

And then the wife with, pious care,  
 All needless cost to save,  
 Said—"Since the Lord hath willed it so,  
 E'en let it be his grave!"

From The United Service Magazine.

### THE LETTRE DE CACHET.

IN the ancient church of St. Germain des Prez at Paris is a stone which bears the following inscription in English:

M.S.

ADAM WHITE, OF WHITEHAUGH,  
Major in the Royal Regiment of Scottish Highlanders, 1789.  
R.L.P.

On that stone, or rather on its inscription, the following legend, compiled from the traditions of the regiment, was written.

Lately, every mess-table in the service rang with a romantic story that came by the way of Calcutta. It was reported and believed, that an officer of Sale's gallant brigade, who was supposed to have been killed at Cabul, thirteen years ago, had suddenly reappeared, alive, safe, and untouched. He had been all that time a prisoner in Kokan; his name had long since been removed from the Army List; and on reaching Edinburgh, his native place, he found that his wife had erected a handsome monument to his memory, was the mother of a brood of little strangers, and had become the "rib" of one of his oldest friends.

This reminds me of the adventures of Adam White of ours, who served with the Black Watch under Wolfe and Amherst.

In the year 1757 three additional companies were added to our regiment, which, the historical records say, "was thus augmented to thirteen hundred men, all highlanders, no others being recruited for the corps." These new companies were commanded by Captains James Murray, son of Lord George Murray, the Adjutant-General of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, James Stewart of Urrard, and Thomas Stirling, son of the Laird of Ardoch. The two subalterns of the latter were Lieutenant Adam White, of the old border family of Whitehaugh, and Ensign John Oswald, one of the most remarkable characters in the British service—and of whom, more anon.

White's father had been a Major in the army of Prince Charles; he had been wounded at the battle of Falkirk, taken prisoner near Culloden, marched in chains to Carlisle, and was hanged, drawn, and quartered by the barbarous laws of George II., while his old hereditary estate was forfeited and gifted to a Scottish placeman of the new régime.

Adam White was a handsome and dashing officer, who had served under Clive in the East; and on the 9th of April, 1751, when an ensign, led the attack on the strong pagoda named the Devil's Rock, when six month's stores of Ali Khan's army were taken with all their guards. Like many others who were ordered on the American campaign, Adam White had left his love behind him; for in those days a lieutenant's pay was only a trifle more than that of the poor ensigns—for they (Lord help them!) when carrying the British colors on the frozen plains of Minden, and up the bloody heights of Abraham, had only *three shillings and threepence* per diem.

Thus, for White to marry would have been madness; and as he had only his sword, and that poor inheritance of pride, high spirit, and pedigree, which falls to the lot of most Scottish gentlemen—for he was descended from that Quhyt, to whom king Robert I. gifted the lands of Stayhr, in the county of Ayr—poor Lucy Fleming and he had agreed to wait, in hope that his promotion could not be far distant now, when he had served six years as a subaltern, and the army had every prospect of a long and severe war with France, for the conquest of North America. With the minstrel he had said,

"Have I not spoke the live long day,  
And will not Lucy deign to say  
One word her friend to bless?  
I ask but *one*—a simple sound,  
Within three little letters bound,  
O let that word be YES."

Lucy answered in the affirmative, and so they parted.

Lucy Fleming, the only daughter of a clergyman of the Scottish church, lived at her father's secluded manse in Berwickshire, among woods that lie on the margin of the Tweed, in a beautiful and sequestered glen, where tidings of the distant strife came but seldom, save when the Laird of Overmains, of Rowchester, or some other neighboring proprietor, sent "with his compliments to the minister" an old and well-read copy of the *London Gazette*, or more probably the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, "sair thumbed by ilka coof and bairn;" for newspapers were few and scarce in those days, and the tidings they contained were often vague, marvellous, or unsatisfactory. But Lucy was only eighteen; and she lived in hope, while

her lover in a crowded and miserable transport was ploughing down the North Channel, making a vain attempt to remedy sea-sickness by brandy and water, endeavoring to forget his melancholy among comrades who were full of bilious recollections of the last night's hock and champagne, and were seeking to drown their sense of discomfort in rough practical jokes, mad fun, and fresh jorums of *eau de vie*.

Done in the best style of Sir John de Medina, a famous foreign artist, who in those days resided in Edinburgh, and who now sleeps there in a quiet corner of the old Greyfriars Kirk-yard, a miniature of Lucy in a gold locket, with a braid of her black hair, were White's best solace; and for many an hour he lay in his swinging hammock, apart from all, gazing upon the soft features Medina's hand had traced. This miniature cost our poor subaltern half a year's pay; but the prize money of Trinchinopoli had paid for it; and now when rocking far, far at sea, oblivious of the ship's creaking timbers, the groaning of blocks, and jarring sounds of the main-deck guns, as they strained in their lashings; the whistling of the wind through the rigging; and the varied din of laughter, occasional oaths and hoarse orders bellowed from the poop, he abandoned himself, loverlike, to the sad and pleasing employment of poring over that little memento, until the dark hazel eyes seemed to smile, the red lips to unclose, the light of love and joy to spread over all her features, and her parting tears seemed to fall again, hot and bitterly from her cheek upon his; yet the last recollection of his dear little Lucy was her pale, wan face, with eyes red and swollen by weeping, as she stood on the stone stile of the old kirk-yard wall, when he bade her farewell, just as the lumbering stage from Berwick bore him away, perhaps—forever!

In the same spirit did he brood over the thousand trifles that the lover treasures up in memory, and on none more than the love-music of Lucy's voice, which he might never hear again.

Never again!—he shrank from those terrible words, and, trusting through God's grace to escape the chances of the war that were before him, he endeavored to reckon over the days, the weeks, the months, and it might be the years (oh what a prospect for a newly separated lover!) that must pass, be-

fore he should again see the little secluded kirk hamlet, with its blue-slatted manse, half buried among the coppice; the Tweed brawling over its pebbled bed in front, under the white-blossomed hawthorns and green bourn-tree foliage; the ancient church with its stone spire, its old sepulchral yews, and black oak pulpit, where for more than forty years the father of his Lucy had ministered unto a poor but pious flock.

He was an old and white-haired pastor, whose memory went back to those terrible times, when Scotland drew her sword for an oppressed kirk and broken covenant—

"When the ashes of that covenant were scattered far and near,  
And the voice spoke loud in judgment, which  
in love he would not hear."

Adam White saw in fancy the dark oak pew, where on Sunday Lucy sat near her father's pulpit, and close to a gothic window, from which the sun, each morning in the year, cast the red glow of a painted cross on her pure and snow-white brow; and so, with his mind full of these things, with a tear in his eye and a prayer of hope on his lip, "rocked on the stormy bosom of the deep," our military pilgrim went to sleep in his cot, as the Lizard light faded away, and word went round from ship to ship that old England had sunk into the waste of sky and water, far, far astern.

By the many casualties of foreign service, Adam White, on joining the regiment in America, found himself junior captain.

It was now the spring of 1758, and George II. was king. Lieutenant-General Sir Jeffry Amherst, K.C.B., was proceeding on the second expedition against L'Isle Royale, now named Cape Breton, which had belonged to the French since 1713, and was deemed by king Louis the key to Canada and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Meanwhile, Major-General James Abercrombie, a gallant Scottish officer, with the 1st Scots Royals, the Black Watch, the 55th, or Westmoreland Regiment, the 62nd, or Royal North Americans, and other troops, to the number of seven thousand regulars and ten thousand provincials, landed from nine hundred batteaux, and one hundred and thirty five whale-boats, with all their cannon, provisions, and ammunition, on the 6th of July, at the foot of Lake George, a clear and beautiful sheet of water thirty-three miles

long, and surrounded by high and verdant mountains. That district, now so busy and populous, was then silent and savage. No sound broke the stillness of the romantic scenery, or the depths of the American forest, but the British drum or Scottish pipe, as the troops formed in four columns of attack, and advanced against the Fort of Ticonderoga.

Our regiment, then styled "Lord John Murray's Highlanders," was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Grant; his second was Major Duncan Campbell of Inveraw, and never did two better or braver officers wear the tartan of the old 42nd. Viscount Howe, a brilliant officer of the old school of puffs, pigtails, kneebreeches, and Ramillie wigs, led the 55th.

Ticonderago is situated on a tongue of land extending between Lake George and the narrow fall of water that pours with the roar of thunder into Lake Champlain, a hundred feet below. Its ramparts were thirty feet high, faced with stone, surrounded on three sides by water, and on the fourth by a dangerous morass that was swept by the range of its cannon and mortars. The approach to this morass—the *only avenue* to the fort—was covered by a dense abattis of felled trees of enormous size, secured by stakes to the ground, and having all their branches pointed outward.

The garrison, which consisted of eight battalions, was five thousand six hundred strong; and as the assailants advanced, it was the good fortune of our hero, Lieutenant White, to learn from an Indian scout that three thousand French, from the banks of the Mohawk river, were advancing to reinforce Ticonderoga. These tidings he at once communicated to General Abercrombie, and orders were given to push on without delay. The praise he obtained for his diligence made the breast of our poor "sub" expand with hope; and with a last glance at his relic of Lucy Fleming, he shouldered his spontoon, and hurried with his company into the matted jungle.

The officer who commanded in Ticonderoga was brave, resolute, and determined. Twenty-four years before he had been a grenadier of the regiment de Normandie, and served with the army of the Rhine under the famous Marechal Duke of Berwick. At the siege of Philipsburg in 1734, the Prince of Conti

was so pleased by his intrepid bearing, that he placed a purse in his hand, apologising for the smallness of the sum it contained; "but we soldiers, mon camarade," continued the Prince, "have the privilege to plead that we are poor."

Next morning the young grenadier appeared at the tent of Conti, with two diamond rings, and a jewel of great value.

"Monseigneur le Prince," said he "the louis in your purse I presume you intended for me, and I have sent them to my mother, poor old woman! at Lillebonne; but *these* I bring back to you as having no claim to them."

"My noble comrade," replied the Prince, placing an epaulette on his left shoulder, "you have doubly deserved them by your integrity, which equals your bravery—they are yours, with this commission in the Regiment de Conti, which, in the name of king Louis, I have the power to bestow."

"Bravo, Prince, this is noble!"

"Bravo! it equals anything in Scuderi!" exclaimed two officers who were at breakfast with the prince.

The first of these was Maurice Count Saxe, general of the cavalry; the second was the famous Victor Marquis de Mirabeau, the future political economist, who was then a captain in the French line.

In twenty-four years this grenadier became a general officer and a peer of France by the title of Comte de Montmorin; and in 1758, he commanded the French garrison in Ticonderoga, where he left nothing undone to render that post impregnable. Thus a desperate encounter was expected.

Formed with the grenadiers in the reserve, the 42nd marched with muskets slung, and their thirteen pipers, led by Deors Mac-Crimmon their pipe-major, made the deep dark forests ring to that harsh but wild music, which speaks a language Scotsmen only feel; and the air they played was that old march, now so well known in Scotland as "The Black Watch;" and loudly it rang, rousing vast flocks of wild birds from the lakes and tarns, and scaring the red men from their wigwams and camps in the dense forests of pine that covered all the then unbroken wilderness.

The day was hot—the sun being 96° in the shade; the shrubs were all in blossom, and the wild plumb and cherries grew in



masses and clusters in the jungle, through which the heavily laden columns of attack forced a passage towards Ticonderoga, leaving their artillery in the rear, as the officer commanding the engineers had reported, that without employing that arm, the works might be carried by storm.

While the reflection of all Lucy might suffer, should he fall, cost poor White a severe pang, he was the first man who sent his name to the brigade-major, as a volunteer to lead the escalade.

"But," thought he, "if successful, my promotion is insured; and if I miss death, I shall, at least, be one step nearer Lucy."

Jack Oswald who volunteered next, consoled himself by some trite quotation from Bossuet (he was always quoting French writers), that he had not a relation to regret in the world.

The country was thickly wooded, and the guide having lost the track through those hitherto almost untrodden wastes, the greatest confusion ensued. Brigadier-General Viscount Howe, who was at the head of the right centre column, suddenly came upon a French battalion led by the Marquis de Launay, who was in full retreat, and a severe conflict ensued. The Viscount, a young and gallant officer, whom Abercrombie styles "the Idol of the Soldiers," fell at the head of his own regiment, the 55th, as he was calling upon the French to surrender. A chevalier of St. Louis rushed forward and shot him by a pistol ball, which pierced his left breast. The chevalier was shot by Captain Monipennie, and received three musket balls as he fell. The French were routed; many were slain, and five officers with one hundred and forty-eight privates were taken.

Meanwhile, the column of which the Black Watch formed a part, had been brought to a complete halt in a dense forest, where the rays of the sun were intercepted by the lofty trees; the guides had deserted, and the officer in command was at a loss whether to advance or retreat, when Adam White, who had been famous for beating the jungle and tiger-hunting in India, found a war-path, and boldly taking upon him the arduous and responsible office of guide, conducted the troops through the wilderness; and thus, on the morning of the 8th of July, the waters of Lake Champlain, long, deep, and narrow, appeared before them, shining in the clear

sunrise, between the stems of the opening forest. Beyond rose the solid ramparts of that Ticonderoga which had proved so fatal to the British arms in the last campaign, faced with polished stones, grim with shady embrasures and pointed cannon, peering over trench and palisade; and over all waved slowly in the morning wind the white banner, with the three fleurs de lis of old France.

Fire flashed from the massive bastion, and then the alarm-gun pealed across the water, waking a thousand echoes in the lonely woods; and the drum beat hoarsely and rapidly the call to arms, as the heads of the four British columns in scarlet, with colors waving and bayonets fixed, debouched in succession upon the margin of that beautiful lake; and there a second time Captain White of ours was warmly complimented by General Abercrombie for his skill in conducting his comrades through a country of which he was totally ignorant.

"And if I live to escape the dangers of the assault, believe me, sir," continued the general, "this second service shall be recorded to your advantage and honor."

But poor White thought only of his betrothed wife, and far away from the shores of that lone American lake, from its guarded fortress and woods, where the stealthy red man glided with his poisoned shafts, and from the columns of bronzed infantry wearied by toil and stained by travel, his memory wandered to that sweet sequestered valley, where the pastoral Tweed was brawling past the windows of the old manse; and to the honey-suckle-bower, where, at that moment perhaps, Lucy Fleming, with pretty foot and rapid hand, urged round her ivory-mounted spinning-wheel; for in those days of old simplicity every Scottish lady spun, like the stately Duchess of Lauderdale, so famous for her diamonds and her imperious beauty.

But now the snapping of flints, the springing of iron ramrods that rang in the polished barrels, the opening of pouches and careful inspection of ammunition by companies at open order, gave token of the terrors about to ensue; and old friends as they passed to and fro with swords drawn to take their places in the ranks, shook each other warmly by the hand, or exchanged a kindly smile, for the hour had come when many were to part and many to take their last repose before the ramparts of Ticonderoga.

"Stormers to the front!" was now the order that passed along the columns, as the arms were shouldered, and the companies closed up to half-distance, while the Grenadier companies of the different corps were formed with the Highlanders as a reserve column of attack; for on them, more than all his other troops, did the general depend; and a fine looking body of men they were, those old British Grenadiers, whom Wolfe ever considered the flower of his army, though they wore those quaint sugar-loaf Prussian caps, which we adopted with the Prussian tactics, and though their heads were all floured and pomatumed, with a smart pigtail trimmed straight to the seam of the coat behind, their large-skirted coats buttoned back for service and to display their white breeches and black leggings—their officers with triple-cocked hats and sleeve ruffles, just as we see them in the old pictures of Oudenarde and Fontenoy.

As Colonel Grant had been wounded by a random shot, Major Duncan Campbell of Inveraw, a veteran officer of great worth and bravery, led the regiment, and Adam White was by his side.

The cracking roar of musketry, and the rapid boom-boom-booming of cannon, with the whistle and explosion of mortars, shook the echoes of the hitherto silent waste of wood and water, and pealed away with a thousand reverberations among the beautiful mountains that overlook lake Champlain, as the British columns rushed to the assault; but alas! the entrenchments of the French were soon found to be altogether impregnable.

The first cannon-shot tore up the earth under the feet of Ensign Oswald and hurled him to the ground; but he rose unhurt, and rushed forward sword in hand.

The leading files fell into the abattis before the breast-work, and on becoming entangled among the branches, were shot down from the glacis, which was lofty, and there perished helplessly in scores.

The Inniskillings, the East Essex, the 46th, the 55th, the 1st and 4th battalions of the Royal Americans, and the provincial corps, were fearfully cut up. Every regiment successively fell back in disorder, though their officers fought bravely to encourage them, waving their swords and spoons; but the French held the post with desperate success. Proud of their name,

their remote antiquity and ancient spirit, the Scots Royals fought well and valiently. At last even they gave way; and then the Grenadiers and Highlanders were ordered to ADVANCE.

While the drums of the former beat the "point of war," and the pipes of the latter yelled an onset, the reserve column, led by Inveraw, rushed with a wild cheer to the assault, over ground encumbered by piles of dead and wounded men writhing and shrieking in the agonies of death and thirst.

Impetuously the Grenadiers with levelled bayonets, and the Black Watch claymore in hand, broke through a bank of smoke, and fell among the branches and bloody entanglements of the fatal abattis.

"Hew," cried White; "hew down the branches with your swords, my lads, and we will soon be close enough."

"Shoulder to shoulder! Clann nan Gael an guillan a chiele," cried old Duncan of Inveraw; but at that instant a ball pierced his brain, he fell dead, and on White devolved the terrible task of conducting the final assault. Oswald was by his side, with the king's colors brandished aloft.

Hewing a passage through the dense branches of the abattis by their broadswords the Black Watch made a gallant effort to cross the wet morass and storm the breast-work by climbing on each other's shoulders, and by placing their feet on bayonets and dirk blades inserted in the joints of the masonry. These brave men were totally unprovided with ladders.

White was the first man on the parapet, and while exposed to a storm of whistling shot, he beat aside the muzzles of the nearest muskets with his claymore, and with his left hand assisted MacCrimmon the pipe-major, Captain John Campbell, and Ensign Oswald, to reach the summit; and there stood the resolute piper blowing the *onset* to encourage his comrades, till five or six balls pierced him, and he fell to rise no more.

A few more Highlanders reached the top of the glacis, but they were all destroyed in a moment. White fell among the French, and was repeatedly stabbed by bayonets. And now the Grenadiers gave way; but still the infuriated Black Watch continued that bloody conflict for several hours, and "the order to retire was *three times* repeated," says the historical record of the regiment,

"before the highlanders withdrew from so unequal a contest."

At last, however, they *did* fall back, leaving beside Adam White and Major Campbell of Inveraw, Captains Farquharson, Campbell (of the fated house of Glenlyon, who had been promoted for his valor at Fontenoy), Macpherson, Baillie, and Sutherland; Ensigns Rattray and Stewart of Banskied, with three hundred and six soldiers killed; Captains Graham, Gordon, Graham of Duchray, Campbell of Strachur, Murray, and Stewart of Urrard, with twelve subalterns, ten sergeants, and three hundred and six soldiers, wounded; making a frightful total of *six hundred and forty-eight* casualties in one regiment!

Oswald received a ball through his sword arm, but brought off the colors, tradition says, in his teeth!

The last he saw of his friend White was his body, still, motionless, and drenched in blood, under the muzzle of a French cannon, but whether he was then alive or dead it was impossible for him to say.

Four hours the contest had continued, and then Abercrombie retired to the south side of Lake George, leaving two thousand soldiers and many brave officers lying dead before Ticonderoga.

The regiment deplored this terrible slaughter, but the loss of none was so much regretted as Inveraw, Adam White, and old MacCrimmon the pipe-major; and as the shattered band retired through the woods towards a bivouac on the shore of Lake George, the pipers played and many of the men sang "MacCrimmon's Lament," which he had composed on the fall of his father Donald Bane, who had been piper to MacLeod of Dunvegan, and was killed in a skirmish with Lord Loudon's troops near Moyhall thirteen years before, in the dark epoch of Culloden; and the effect of this mournful Highland song, as it rose up sadly from the leafy dingles of the dense American forest, was never forgotten by the spirit-broken men who heard it:—

"The white mountain-mist round Cuchullin is driven,

The spirit her dirge of wailing has given,  
And bright blue eyes in Dunvegan are weeping,

For thou art away to the dark place of sleeping.

Return, return—alas, for ever!

• MacCrimmon's away to return to us never!  
In war or in joy, to feast or to fray,  
To return to us never, MacCrimmon's away!

"The breath of the valley is gently blowing,  
Each river and stream is sadly flowing;  
The birds sit in silence on rock and on spray,  
To return on no morrow, since thou art away!  
Return, return, &c.

"On the ocean that chafes with a mournful wail,  
The birlinn is moored without banner or sail,  
And the voice of the billow is heard to complain,  
Like the cry of the Tar' Use from wild Cor-riskain.

Return, return, &c.

"In Dunvegan thy pibroch so thrilling no more  
Will waken the echoes of mountain and shore;  
And the hearts of our people lament night and day,  
To return on no morrow, since thou art away!  
Return, return, &c.

For many years after, this lament was used by the regiment as a dead march.

"With a mixture of grief, esteem, and envy, I consider the great loss and immortal glory acquired by the Scots Highlanders in the late bloody affair," says a lieutenant of the 55th, in a letter dated from Lake George, July 10. "I cannot say for them what they really merit; but I shall ever fear the wrath, love the integrity, and admire the bravery of these Scotsmen. There is much harmony and good regulation amongst us; our men love and fear us, as we very justly do our superior officers; but we are in a most desirable country, fit only for wolves and its native savages."—*Caledonian Mercury*, Sept 9, 1758.

For many a year after, Ticonderoga found a terrible echo in the hearts of the Highlanders; a cry for vengeance, as if it had been a great national affront, went throughout the glens, and in an incredibly short space of time more than a thousand clansmen volunteered to join the regiment. So the king's warrant came to form them into a second battalion; and it was further enacted that "from henceforth our said regiment be called and distinguished by the title and name of our 42nd, or *Royal Highland Regiment of Foot*, in all commissions, orders, and writings. Given at our Court of Kensington, this 22nd day of July, 1758, in the thirty-second year of our reign." Blue facings now replaced the buff, hitherto worn by the corps.

This warrant was issued while the survivors of Ticonderoga were encamped on the southern shore of Lake George.

In due time the tidings of this second repulse of the British troops before that fatal fortress, reached the secluded manse on Tweedside; and from the cold and conventional detail of operations, as given in the official despatch of General Abercrombie, poor Lucy turned, with a pale cheek and anxious and haggard eyes, to the list of killed and wounded; and the appalling catalogue that appeared under the head of "Lord John Murray's Highlanders" struck terror to her soul. Her heart beat wildly, and her eyes grew dim; but mastering her emotion the poor girl took in the fatal roll at a glance, and in a moment her eye caught the doubly distressing announcement—

*"Wounded severely, and since missing, Captain Adam White."*

"God help me now, father!" she exclaimed, and threw herself on the old man's breast; "he is gone for ever!"

"Missing?"

That term used in military returns and field reports to express the general absence of men dead or alive, struck a vague terror, mingled with hope, in the heart of Lucy Fleming. But then White was also *wounded*, and the dread grew strong in her mind that he might have bled to death, unseen or unknown, in some solitary place, with no kind hand near to soothe his dying agony or close his glazing eyes; and expiring thus miserably, have been left, like thousands of others, in that protracted war, unburied by the red Indians—a prey to wolves and ravens, with the autumn leaves falling, and the rank grass sprouting among his whitened bones.

These thoughts, and others such as these, filled Lucy with a horror over which she brooded day and night; and it was in vain that her only surviving parent, the old minister,

"A father to the poor—a friend to all,"

sought to encourage her, by rehearsing innumerable stories of those who had returned, in those days of vague and uncertain intelligence, after being mourned for and given up, yea, forgotten by their dearest friends and nearest relatives; but in the first paroxysm of her grief and terror Lucy refused to be consoled.

The name of the missing man was still

borne in the Army List; and by the slaughter of Ticonderoga he was gazetted to the rank of brevet-major, and Oswald to a lieutenantancy.

Then weeks and months slipped away, but Adam White was heard of no more.

Every hope that inventive kindness could suggest, or the uncertainty of war, time, and distance could supply, were advanced to soothe the sufferer, who caught at them fondly and prayerfully for a time; but suspense became sickening, and day by day these hopes grew fainter till they died away at last.

The colonel of the regiment, Lieutenant-General Lord John Murray (son of John Duke of Athole, who, after the revolution, had been Lord High Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament), an officer who took a vivid interest in every thing connected with his regiment, spared no exertion or expense to discover the missing officer; but, after a long correspondence with the Marquis de Montcalm, who commanded the French in America, M. Bourlemaque, who commanded near Lake Champlain, and the Comte de Montmorin, commandant of Ticonderoga, no trace of poor White could be discovered, as all prisoners had long since been transmitted to France.

At Chelsea Lord John Murray appeared in the dark kilt and scarlet uniform of the regiment to plead the cause of its noble veterans who had been disabled at Ticonderoga; and becoming exasperated by the parsimony, partiality, and gross injustice of the government of George II., a monarch who abhorred the Scots and loved the English but little, he generously offered "the free use of a cottage and garden to all 42nd men who chose to settle on his estates." Many accepted this reward, and the memory of their gallant colonel—the brother of the loyal and noble Tullybardin, who unfurled the royal standard in Glenfinnan—was long treasured by the men of the Black Watch.

But this tale, being a true narrative, though enrolled among our regimental legends, will not permit of many digressions.

White's name disappeared from the lists at last; another filled his place in the ranks, and after a time even the regiment ceased to speak of him, in the excitement of the new campaign in the West Indies, where, in the following year 1759, the most of his friends



fell in the attack on Martinique or the storming of Guadaloupe; and Jack Oswald, who was a strange and excitable character, becoming disgusted with the slowness of promotion, after being "rowed" one morning for absence from parade, sold out, left the service in a pet, became an amatory poet, and then a dangerous political writer, under the well-known *nom de plume* of Sylvester Otway.

Long, sadly, and sorely did Lucy Fleming pine for the lost love of her youth. The mystery that involved his fate, and the snapping asunder of the hopes she had cherished for years, the shattering of the fairy altar on which she had garnered up these hopes, and all the secret aspirations of her girlish heart, affected her deeply. She had all the appearance of one who was dying of a broken heart; and yet she did not so die. Many have perished of grief and of broken-hearts, but our fair friend with the black ringlets and the black eyes was *not* one of these.

In time she shook off her grief, as a rose shakes off the dew that has bent it down, and like the rose she raised her head again more beautiful and bright than ever; for her beauty was now chastened by a certain pensive sadness which made her very charming; and thus it was, that in the year 1761—three years after the fatal repulse of the British troops before Ticonderoga—she attracted especial attention at the Hague, whither her father, the amiable old minister, had gone for a season, leaving his well-beloved flock and sequestered manse upon the Scottish border, to benefit the health of his pale and drooping daughter. Being furnished with introductory letters from his friend Home, the author of "Douglas," who was then conservator of Scottish privileges at Campvere, the best society was open to them.

At the balls and routs of the Comte de Montmorin, the French resident, Lucy soon eclipsed all the blue-eyed belles of Leyden and the Hague. Enchanted by the charms of the beautiful brunette, their countrywoman, a crowd of gay fellows belonging to the Scots brigade in the Dutch service followed her wherever she went; and those who saw her dancing the last cotillion, by M. Brioul of Versailles, the fashionable composer of the day, or the stately and old-fashioned *minuet de la cour*, with the bucks of Stuart's regi-

ments or MacGhie's musketeers, might have been pardoned for supposing that poor Adam White of ours, and the dark days of Ticonderoga, were alike forgotten—as indeed they were; for time, the consoler, was fast smoothing over the terrible memories of three years ago; and again Lucy could listen with a downcast eye and a half-smiling blush to the voice that spoke of love and admiration.

Thrice the Comte de Montmorin asked her hand in marriage, and thrice she refused him; but again Monseigneur returned to the charge.

"Ah! Mademoiselle," said he, "I am lured towards you as the poor moth is lured towards the light—as an eaglet soars towards the glorious sun—soars, but to sink panting and hopeless down to earth again. Never did a Guebre worship the sacred fire with half the tremulous ardour I worship you; for mine is a worship of the heart and soul—the love of father, lover, husband, and brother—all combined in one!"

"And so, M. le Comte, you *do* admire me," said Lucy, trembling.

"In that, Mademoiselle Fleming, I would only be as other men."

"Well—"

"I love you, Mademoiselle."

"But so do many more."

"Mon Dieu! I know that too well; but none love as I do."

It was not in bombast like this that poor Adam White had wooed and won her love; yet in six months after her arrival at the Hague, to the dismay and discomfiture of six entire battalions of the Scots brigade—at least the officers thereof—she became the wife of M. le Comte Montmorin, peer of France, knight of St. Louis, and all the royal orders—he who in former days had been the trusty grenadier of Philipsburg and the resolute general at Ticonderoga; and though the old minister sorrowed in his heart, for the brave and leal-hearted lad she had loved in other days, and who was buried in his soldier's grave so far away; and though he deemed too that the old manse by Tweedside would be lonely now, without her, as the count belonged to an ancient Protestant house in Lillebonne, and had a magnificent fortune, et cetera, he had no solid objection to offer; and so he pronounced the irrevocable nuptial blessing, and handed over his last tie

on earth—the last flower of a little flock who were all sleeping “in the auld kirkyard at hame,” to the titled stranger.

On the occasion the Scots brigade consoled themselves by giving a magnificent ball; and none danced more merrily thereat, than the friend of the lost lover, Jack Oswald, late of ours, who had been taken prisoner during some of his wanderings, and sent to France; but had made his escape in the disguise of a poissard, and was wandering home, via the Hague and Rotterdam.

“Poor Adam fell at Ticonderoga,” said he in a pause of the dancing—“I saw him knocked on the head—’tis well he lived not to see this day!”

“But the count is so rich!” said a disappointed man of the Scots brigade.

“Tush!” snarled Oswald, “the fellow is a mere Frenchman—a heartless fool, who would laugh in the face of a corpse, as old Inveraw of ours used to say.”

Let us change the scene to a period of twenty-eight years after.

It is now the year 1789.

M. le Comte de Montmorin, a venerable peer, was then the secretary of state for the foreign department under Louis XVI. Madame la Comtesse, after being long the mirror of Parisian fashion, had become a staid and noble matron, with a son in the French guards, and two marriageable daughters, the belles of Paris. The old minister, their grandsire, had long since been gathered to his fathers, and was sleeping far away, among the long grass and the mossy headstones of his old grey kirk on bonny Tweedside. Another occupied his humble manse, another preacher his pulpit, and other faces filled the old oak pews around it.

The horrors of the French Revolution were bursting over Paris!

The absolute power of the crown of the Louis; the overweening privileges of a proud nobility and of a dissipated clergy with their total exemption from all public burdens, and the triple tyranny under which the people groaned, had made all Frenchmen mad. A determined and fierce contest among the different orders of society ensued; the mobs rose in arms, and the troops joined them. A new constitution was demanded, and equality of ranks formed its basis; for the cry was,

“Vive the people! down with the rich, the noble, and the aristocrats!”

The flower of the French nobles either perished on the scaffold or fled for safety and foreign aid; the king himself became a fugitive, but was arrested on the frontiers and brought back to Paris. The streets of that city swam in blood, and the son of Lucy Fleming, a brave young chevalier, perished at the head of his company in defending the beautiful Marie Antoinette, and his head was made a foot-ball by the rabble along the Rue St. Jacques. A thousand times Lucy urged her husband to fly, for Paris had become a mere human shambles, but the determined old soldier of Ticonderoga and Quebec stood by his miserable king, and coolly proceeded each day to the foreign office on foot; for the mobs systematically murdered every aristocrat who dared to appear in a carriage, sacrificing even the valets and horses to their mad resentment.

In July, a vast armed multitude assailed the Bastille, and foremost among the assailants was a Scottish gentleman—known by many as the notorious Sylvester Otway; by others as Jack Oswald of the Black Watch.

After quitting the regiment, this remarkable man (whose father was the keeper of John’s coffee-house at Edinburgh) had made himself perfect master of the Greek, Latin, and Arabic languages; and he became a vegetarian, in imitation of the Brahmins, some of whose opinions he had imbibed during service in India. He became a violent political pamphleteer, and on the outbreak of the French Revolution repaired at once to Paris where his furious writings procured him immediate admission into the Jacobin club, in all the transactions of which he took a leading part, and was appointed to the command of a regiment of infantry, which was raised from the refuse, the savage and infamous population of the purlieus of Paris; and they marched sans breeches, shoes, and often sans shirts, with their hair loose, and their arms, faces, and breasts smeared with red paint, blood, and gunpowder.

At the head of this rabble, on the evening of the 14th of July, Oswald appeared with other leaders before the walls of the terrible Bastille; and bearing in his hand a white flag of truce, summoned the governor, the Marquis de Launay, “to surrender in the name of the sovereign people;” but that noble proudly and recklessly despised this motley rout of armed citizens, and opened a

fire upon them. The cannon taken from the Hotel des Invalides soon effected a breach, and a private of the French guards, with John Oswald, the *ci-devant* lieutenant of the Black Watch, were the two first men who entered the place. The poor garrison were all slaughtered or taken prisoners; among the latter were De Launay, his master-gunner, and two veteran soldiers, who were dragged to the Place de la Grève and ignominiously beheaded.

The terrible Bastille, for centuries the scene of so many horrors, and the receptacle of broken hearts, was demolished, sacked, and ruined! The most active in that demolition was the author of "Euphrosyne" and the "Cry of Nature"—the wild enthusiast, John Oswald. Intent on releasing the suffering captives who were believed to be immured there, he hurried, sword in hand, from tower to tower, from cell to cell, and vault to vault; through staircases and corridors, dark, damp, and horrible, where for ages the bloated spider had spun her web, and the swollen rat squattered in the damp and slime that distilled from the massive walls to make a hideous puddle on the floors of clay, amid which the bones of many a hapless wretch, forgotten and nameless now, lay steeping with their rusted chains.

In one of these, the darkest, lowest, and most pestilential—for it was subject to the tides of the Seine, where the oozing water dropped from the vaulted roof, where the cold slimy reptiles crawled, and where the massive walls were wet with dripping slime—he found a human being, almost an idiot, chained to a block of stone. He was old; his hair and beard were white as the thistle down; he seemed a living corpse; his aspect was terrible, for existence seemed a miracle, a curse in such a place; and on being brought to upper earth and air, by these blood-steeped men of the people, he became senseless and swooned.

Three other prisoners were found, and then, to its lowest vaults, the infamous Bastille was levelled to its base, and its records of tyranny, torture, suffering, human crime, and inhuman horror perished with it.

"The only state prisoners, where so many were supposed to have entered," says the *Edinburgh Magazine* for that year, "the only prisoners that were forthcoming in the general delivery, amounted to four! Major

White and Lord Mazarine were two out of that number. The first gentleman, a native of Scotland, was in durance for the space of twenty-eight years; he had never in that time been heard of by his friends, nor in the least expected thus to be enthralled. When restored to liberty, he appeared to have lost his mental powers, and even the vernacular sounds of his own language. The Duke of Dorset has taken him under his direct protection; this is unasked, and therefore the more honorable."

So this miserable wreck, aged, pale, and wan, worn almost to a skeleton, nearly nude, with his limbs fretted by iron fetters, and all but fatuous; insane, and with scarcely a memory of his native tongue or past existence; in whose eyes the light of life and intelligence seemed dead, and who had forgotten the days when he could weep or feel, was our long-lost comrade, the soldier of Ticonderoga!

Inspired by just indignation, and determined to unravel this terrible mystery, the Duke of Dorset took him in a fiacre to the hotel of the Comte de Montmorin, the only minister then in Paris, to demand the reason of this outrage upon the laws of war, of peace, and of common humanity; but the official of the unfortunate Louis could only shrug his shoulders, make the usual grimaces and apologies, and plead, that as the records of the Bastille had perished in the sack of that prison, it was totally beyond his power to explain the affair, for not a scrap of paper remained to show how or why this brave officer of the Black Watch, who had been wounded and taken prisoner in action in 1758, should have been found in that dreadful place thirty-one years after. The Duke of Dorset perceived, with surprise, that while speaking the Comte de Montmorin was ghastly pale, and that his eyes were filled with terror. It would have made a fine subject for a painter, but a finer still for a novelist—the delineation of this interview, as it took place in the drawing-room of the Hotel de Montmorin, on the morning after the demolition of the Bastille.

The unfortunate victim of a government which had long made that infamous prison an engine of tyranny, was introduced by our proud and determined ambassador, who spoke for him in no measured tones, for alas! the poor major could scarcely put three words

together, and for some hours seemed to have forgotten the sound of his own voice.

In the stately and now elderly French lady seated on the gilt fauteuil, between her shrinking and pitying daughters, clad in her high stays, hooped petticoat, and figured satin, with an esclavage round her neck, and her white hair powdered and towered up into a mountain of curls, flowers, and feathers, à la Marquise de Pompadour, it was impossible for Adam White to recognize the once beautiful and black-eyed Lucy of his youth—the simple Scottish girl of the quiet old manse on Tweedside, for whom his sorrowing heart had yearned with agony, in the long and dreary days of captivity, and in the longer watches of the silent night, until love and youth and blessed hope all passed away together.

It was as difficult for her to trace in that wan, aged, and resuscitated man, the handsome young officer who had left her side to fight Britain's battles under Amherst and the hero of Quebec. She was now a white-haired matron, and he a wild-eyed, haggard old man—old by premature years, for eight-and-twenty in the Bastille had crushed him by a load of unavailing care and sorrow. How many seasons had passed over that dark and vaulted solitude, during which his weary and pining eyes had never met a friendly smile, or his ear welcomed a kindly greeting.

Eight-and-twenty summers had bloomed and withered, and eight-and-twenty winters had spread their snows upon the hills! In that long space of time, how many had been wedded and given in marriage, or been laid in their last homes?—how many of the brave and good, the noble and the beautiful, had gone to "the Land of the Leal," where there is no dawning or glooming, where the sun shines forever, and the flowers never die!

For eight-and-twenty years all the pulses of life had seemed to stand still; and now, under their changed aspect and character, and ignorant of each other's presence, Lucy Fleming and Adam White stood within the same apartment, without a glance of recognition. Weak, tottering, and frail, White was placed in a chair, and the countess brought wine to him from a side-table. His aspect was that of a dying man; her eyes were full of pity, and her daughters wept to

see this poor old man, whose wandering faculties were waking to a new existence after the long and dreamless sleep of eight-and-twenty years, and to whom the upper air, the blessed sunshine, and the twitter of the happy birds, were all as strange and new as if he had never known them.

"Your name, monsieur le prisonnier?" asked her husband, coldly, and with averted eye.

"Adam White—yes, yes—I am sure it was so—Adam White; once a major in the 42nd Regiment of his Britannic Majesty George II.," he replied, with great difficulty and long pauses.

"George II. has been dead these twenty-eight years, sir," replied the Duke of Dorset, kindly placing an arm upon his shoulder, while, with outspread hands and eyes dilated with terror, the countess started back as if a spectre had risen before her.

"Dead! dead!" muttered the major. "I too have been dead, I think—and who now is on the throne?"

"His grandson, George III."

"Know you the crime for which you were arrested, monsieur?" asked the count, who did not seem to notice the agitation of the countess.

The sunken eyes of Major White flashed, but the emotion died at once, for his heart seemed broken and his spirit crushed.

"Crime!" said he; "I was wounded and taken in the assault on Ticonderoga by the Comte de Montmorin."

"I commanded there, and I am he."

"This was thirty-one years ago—my God! oh, my God!"

"Be calm, dear sir," said the Duke of Dorset.

"And you have been all that time in the Bastille?"

"Yes, monseigneur."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the duke.

"You were arrested?"

"One night in the streets of Paris, near the Port St. Antoine, when I was at liberty upon parole, as a prisoner of war."

"When was this?"

"In 1761—three years after Ticonderoga."

"Ah, we had peace with Britain in 1763," said the count, averting his eyes, and endeavoring to assume a composure which he did not feel under the keen scrutiny of Dorset's eye. "And so we meet again—fortune has cast us together once more."



"Fortune—say rather fatality," replied White, as some old memory shook his withered heart.

"Did you ever hear how or why you were arrested?"

"Once and once only—I was told—I was told that it was on the authority of a *lettre de cachet*, filled up by King Louis in the name of the Comte de Montmorin."

"It is an infamous falsehood!" exclaimed the count, passionately.

"Perhaps so," sighed White, meekly; "the man who told me so has been dead twenty-three years."

"And this arrest was"—

"On the anniversary of Ticonderoga—the night of the 15th of July, 1761."

"The 15th of July!" exclaimed the countess, wildly, and in a piercing voice; "on the morning of that very day my desk was rifled of your letters, and your miniature, Adam White!—O my friend—I see it all—I see this horrible mystery!"

White turned his hollow eyes and haggard visage towards her in wonder. He passed a hand repeatedly across his eyes, as if to clear his thoughts, then shook his white head, and relapsed into dreamy vacancy. After a painful pause, "That voice," said he, "is like one which used to come to me often—very often in the Bastille; in my dreams it used to mingle with the rustle of the straw I slept on."

He smiled with so ghastly an expression that the Duke of Dorset grew pale with anger and compassion. He had gleaned from White the story of his life, and discovered in a moment that the countess was the Lucy Fleming of his early love; and that the count, on discovering the wounded and long-missing major to be in Paris in 1761, to preclude all chance of the lovers ever meeting again, had consigned him to the Bastille, there to be detained for life, as it was termed "IN SECRET."

"Monseigneur," said he, sternly, "I see a clue to this dark story; and believe me, that the king whom I have the honor to represent, will take sure vengeance for this act of more than Italian jealousy, and for an atrocity which cannot be surpassed in the annals of yonder accursed edifice, which the mob of yesterday have happily hurled to the earth."

With these words he retired, taking with him Adam White, who seemed reduced to mere childhood, for recollection and animation came upon him only by gleams and at unexpected times. As they withdrew the

countess turned away in horror from her husband, and fainted in the arms of her terrified daughters.

The inquiry threatened by our ambassador was never made. Paris was then convulsed, and France was trembling on the brink of anarchy, even as the weak Louis trembled on his crumbling throne. The exertions of his grace of Dorset to unravel more of the mystery, and the fears of the Comte de Montmorin, were alike futile, for next morning the poor major was found dead in his bed. He had expired in the night. The sudden revulsion of feeling produced by a release, after so many years of blank captivity, had proved too much for his weak frame and shattered constitution. He was buried in the church of St. Germain de Prez; and when Oswald's *sans-culottes* lifted the dead man from the bed, to lay him in the humble shell provided by the curé of the parish, there dropped from his breast a locket. It contained a miniature and a withered tress of black hair—the last mementos left to him of all that he had loved in the pleasant days of youth and hope, and prized beyond even blessed hope itself, in the solitude and horror of the long years that had followed Ticonderoga. The ruffians who had desecrated the regal sepulchres of St. Denis respected the heritage of the dead soldier, so that the locket was buried with him; and there, in the ancient church of St. Germain, Oswald, the political enthusiast, interred his old and long-lost comrade with all the honors of war.

The stone which was erected in the church, and of which I have given the brief inscription, is said, traditionally, to have been the gift of a lady—who, need scarcely be mentioned. How long this lady and the count her husband survived the disclosures consequent on the destruction of the Bastille, I have no means of knowing; but French history has recorded the fate of Jack Oswald.

His two sons left Edinburgh and joined him at Paris, where, to illustrate the complete system of equality and fraternity, he made them both drummers in his regiment, among the soldiers of which his severe discipline soon rendered him unpopular; and on his attempting to substitute pikes for muskets, the whole battalion refused to obey, and then officers and men broke out into open mutiny.

"Colonel Oswald's corps," continues the editor of the "Scottish Biographical Dictionary," "was one of the first employed against the royalists in La Vendée, where he was killed in battle. It is said that his men took advantage of the occasion to rid themselves of their obnoxious commander, and to despatch also his two sons, and an English gentleman who was serving in his regiment."

From The Spectator 28 Nov.

### THE BANK OF ENGLAND'S BANKING.

WE suspect that the more closely the conduct of the Bank of England during the monied difficulties preceding the late practical suspension of the Act of 1844 is examined, the more questionable it will appear; and that one of the main points really at issue will be the continuance of the Bank's privileges as a manager of the circulation. It is quite proper that the public should be thoroughly possessed with the difference between a national bank of issue, which the Directors are in one of their capacities, and a mere bank of deposit and discount like any other great joint-stock bank, which is another business of the Directors. Equally right is it that the principles of currency and the practical causes of the late financial derangement should be investigated, and that Parliament should inquire as to the conspiracy (intimated last week by the *Times*,) to compel the Government to suspend the Act of 1844, in order to bolster up the credit of mercantile gamblers, whose monied confederates uphold them, expecting that in the last resort the Bank of England will influence the Government to break in upon the principle of the Act.

These topics, we say, cannot be too well ventilated. It will be mischievous if the exposition of economical principles, or the examination of particular forms of money derangement, should succeed in diverting public attention from the examination of the conduct of the Bank of England as a bank of deposit and discount, but a bank endowed by the State with peculiar privileges and very profitable advantages. For it seems probable that the Bank, whether unconsciously or consciously, has abused the powers granted to it for public purposes, and has repeated, though in a more subtle form, and possibly in a less degree, the course which aggravated the panics of 1825, 1837, and 1847.

On the present occasion, at least up to the 12th of November, no charge could be brought against the Bank that in pursuit of shareholders' profits it risked the convertibility of the note and then "put on the screw" to save itself from being unable to pay in gold. The Act of 1844, by separating its functions as a bank of deposit from a bank of issue, prevented that danger. Neither is the Bank obnoxious to the charge

brought against it in 1847, of having stimulated speculation by maintaining a low rate of discount in the face of a drain of gold. From the commencement of the Russian war to the present time, the conduct of the Bank as regards the rate of discount has been prudent. Its error lies in the conduct of its own banking business—in having used its customers' deposits to discount bills at a high rate of interest for its own profit, in utter disregard of its means of paying the checks of its depositors from the money in its possession, except by frightening the Ministry into suspending the Act, and enabling the Bank to issue paper under the nation's guarantee without a corresponding amount of bullion.

This is a charge which requires to be supported by facts. Before adducing those facts however, the reader must distinctly bear in mind, that in the issue of bank-notes under the Act of 1844 the Bank of England has no more power or discretion than he has. It was assumed by Sir Robert Peel that fourteen millions was an amount below which the paper circulation would never fall. The value of notes to that amount rests on a vacuum, secured, or supposed to be secured, by that amount of public securities. For every note issued beyond fourteen millions, an equivalent must be deposited in the form of bullion or sovereigns. The suspension of the Act simply means that the Bank may disregard this provision, and issue notes ad libitum, without any other base than its own prestige and the national credit.

But while it is a mere machine in the "Issue Department" till the Act is suspended, it is absolute in the common banking department,—that is, as absolute as any other joint stock or private bank. If the Directors will not restrain themselves by the established laws of banking, there are no means of restraining them. We believe that they have not complied with the established laws of banking; that they have gone on increasing their amount of discounts without any apparent care as to their means of honoring the checks of their depositors, to an extent which no other solvent bank would have dared to venture upon, but which the Bank of England risked with the knowledge that Government would never let them stop as bankers. Their intentions may have been as good as those which are said to pave a certain place;

they may never have thought of the profit to be derived from seven, eight, ten per cent rates: but they have contributed as much as in them lay, not only to the suspension of the Act, but to the encouragement of the unexpressed conviction that Government will never let the Bank stop, which animates the money dealers who supply the speculators, whose conduct has chiefly rendered the suspension a necessity.

The main facts that prove the mismanagement of the Bank lie in a nutshell. The day before the issue of the letter of suspension, the banking liabilities to the Government and individuals, and the means of meeting those liabilities in available assets—that is, money—stood as under.

Liabilities in the week ending the 11th November 1857.			
Public Deposits	£5,314,659		
Other Deposits	12,935,344		
Seven day and other Bills	853,075		
Total Liabilities to the customers of the Bank		£19,103,078	
Available Means of meeting these Liabilities.			
Notes	957,710		
Gold and Silver Coin	504,443		
Total available Assets		1,462,153	

Liabilities beyond available Means the night before the Suspension	£17,640,925
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In other words, the withdrawal of less than a million and a half of money from the banking department would have compelled the Bank to decline paying the checks of its customers—that is, to stop—and have involved a panic and wholesale destruction, compared with which 1825 would have been as nothing.

Nor can it be said that this reduction of assets, though a theoretical possibility was in practice improbable; or that the Bank was driven into a sudden error through the news of the American crises. The subjoined table\* will show, that on three separate occasions,

\* Table showing the amount of Assets in the Banking Department of the Bank of England available to meet the demands of their Customers, from the week ending 26th September to the week ending 11th November 1857, as well as the weekly Decrease of those Assets.

Week ending	Notes	Gold & Sil. ver coin.	Total As- sets.	Weekly decrease.
	£	£	£	£
September 26	6,014,160	594,808	6,608,968	
October 3	4,606,040	584,377	5,190,417	1,418,551
October 10	4,024,400	570,433	4,594,833	595,584
October 17	3,217,185	599,048	3,816,233	778,600
October 24	3,485,840	592,680	4,078,520	
November 4	2,155,315	550,720	2,706,035	1,372,485
November 11	957,710	504,443	1,462,153	1,243,882

the Bank in twice as many weeks suffered three successive reductions of its available assets to meet the demands of its banking customers to nearly the same amount as the money (£1,462,153.) remaining in its coffers the night before the suspension. It will be seen, that in the week ending the 3d October the available assets were diminished by more than £1,400,000—being a reduction of nearly the same amount as the Bank had in its possession when it “received the assistance” of Government. The week before the suspension took place, the decrease was £1,372,485—within £90,000 of the sum they finally closed with. In the very week of the suspending letter, their available assets were reduced by £1,243,882—leaving them with only £1,462,153. Another week of a similar reduction would have brought the Bank within £120,000 of stoppage, even if we suppose that no distrust had been caused by the publication of such an account. And all these reductions took place notwithstanding it had sold stock to increase its means.

The same table shows that this was not an “accidental” proceeding, but a course regularly persisted in. During the seven weeks commencing the 19th September and ending the 11th November, this reduction of the company's available means extended to nearly five millions and a quarter, spite of additions made by the sale of securities. This drain of course varied week by week, but with one exception it was continuous. The money thus reduced was applied to increasing the discounts, which rose between the 26th September and the 11th November from £19,719,700 to £26,113,453; being an increase in round numbers of £6,400,000.

These proceedings of the Bank are not exceptional. The same risk of stoppage as bankers was run in 1847, though not to so great a degree. Two days before the then letter of suspension was issued, the liabilities and means of the Bank stood thus.

Liabilities in the week ending the 23d October 1847.			
Public Deposits	£4,796,394		
Other Deposits	8,580,509		
Seven day and other Bills	947,013		
Total Liabilities to the customers of the Bank		£14,293,916	
Available Means of meeting these Liabilities.			
Notes	1,547,270		
Gold and Silver Coin	447,246		
		1,994,516	
Liabilities beyond available Means in October 1847		£12,299,400	

There are people who think the Bank could escape stoppage at the very last moment by an unscrupulous use of its powers and resources. Lord Overstone inclines to this opinion. He did not speak positively before the Committee of the house of commons, but he conceived that the Bank, by the sale of securities, by discontinuing all discounts, and by letting the bills already discounted "run to maturity," might save itself. The authority of Lord Overstone is perhaps the highest that exists on currency, more especially as regards any act of practical banking; but we cannot help doubting the soundness of this notion. If the Bank were to deluge the Stock Exchange with public securities, to suspend instantaneously all discounts, and ruthlessly enforce payment,—everybody knowing its position,—a panic might arise among depositors, which all the money to be raised by these methods could not meet; or if it did, the panic and convulsion would be almost as ruinous as stoppage itself.

The first conclusion from all this is, that Peel's Act has secured (up to this time) the convertibility of the note, which, considering the financial strain of the last four years, and the deviation of the Bank on the only point where it could deviate, might without that act have been in jeopardy. The second conclusion is, that the proceedings of the Bank, and their reasons for them, should be very searchingly examined during the inquiry which it is assumed will take place as regards the suspension of the Act. If found culpable, a further inquiry should be entered into as to the propriety of removing the management of the issues from the Bank of England, and leaving it to stand before the world like any other joint-stock bank, with perhaps some curtailment of its power and privileges in other directions. Theoretically, this should have been done in 1844 to render the measure complete, but practical and inherent difficulties intervened. The real differences between a bank of national issue and a simple bank of deposit and discount were not popularly understood; many of those who understood them after a fashion had prejudices as to the hocus-pocus power of the Bank on money and the money-market, which the people at large partook of in a superstitious degree. These notions are to a great extent dissipated: the main inherent difficulty remains—the difficulty of finding a substitute.

A Government department—Board—Commission, or what name you will—seems the only resource: but there is the obvious objection that the Board would be influenced by the Government, as Government in its turn would be influenced by "pressure from without." If, however, the Bank is subject to influences of an equally potent but of a less patent and therefore a more mischievous kind, and pursues a line of conduct that compels the Government to tamper with the currency law, there does not seem much difference between them. A Government Board would have this advantage, that the responsibility would be distinctly limited and fixed. At present it is divided so that nobody is responsible. However, all we now say is—inquire.

From The Spectator 28 Nov.

#### THE NEW TRADE IN NEGROES.

THE French Government, it is understood, is rather in a "fix"; it has received representations from this country which show that it has connived at a real infraction of the Slave-trade Treaties. The plan of M. Régis may be technically legal; it may not violate the letter of the treaties; but there is no doubt that it violates the spirit, and that in sanctioning the measure the French Government has placed itself in direct antagonism to the Government of England. Perhaps there may be another reason why the Imperial Government is not altogether satisfied with its position: nobody understands the African emigration as conducted by the Marseilles contractor to be a very complete success. France has in this principally played the jackal for Spanish, Portuguese, and Yankee speculators—that semi-piratical tribe who have always been carrying on a smuggling of Africans in breach or evasion of treaty law. Thus the Imperial Government has placed itself in a position of antagonism to that of England without getting any very great profit by the deviation; and we can well understand the feelings with which the astute and practical Napoleon would contemplate the tangible results of the scheme that he has sanctioned. It is altogether very disagreeable; but how can he retract? He has conceded on the Principalities; is he to concede *every thing* to Great Britain? Is the Napoleonic Jupiter Tonans to place his head under the heel of Britannia? Moreover, if Napoleon were to retract, could he induce



the aforesaid Spaniards, Portuguese, and Yankees, to waive their privilege? France has played the jackal for that tribe, and although she desist, from the prey will *they* do so? It is most improbable. M. Régis has shown a method by which a coach-and-six may be driven through all the slave-trade treaties; he has in fact rendered them void and of no effect; and if we are to maintain our blockade of the slave-trade effectually, we must obtain a completely new edition of the slave-trade treaties—we must begin *de novo*. But could we do so? Would the United States, who have resisted the right of search—would Spain, Portugal, or any European country except France, our best ally—so far assist us as to reconstruct an entirely new system of slave-trade treaties, for the express purpose of blocking out M. Régis and his imitators? It is very doubtful; and the doubt is the greater, since even in this country the forcible slave-trade suppression appears to have received a serious shock from the experiences of this new movement.

The *Times* gives prominent and large print to a letter on Negroes and the Slave-trade, signed by "Expertus," showing how futile that suppression of the slave-trade has been. We do not succeed in suppressing the traffic, which continues as fervid as ever, in Cuba, the Carolinas, and Louisiana. What we do succeed in is in rendering the Transit from Africa to America painful in the extreme for the Negroes. By our West Indian failures we have shown how little suited to working for wages is the freed Negro; who, cultivating his little squatting, sneers at the industry of the race which has emancipated him. Some one in twenty of the Negro population may be found to be civil and industrious,—highly so; but "almost without exception, they are old freed slaves—men who were formed in regular habits under good masters." This plan of keeping up attempts to suppress the slave-trade in spite of constant failure, and of suddenly emancipating the Negro from compulsion without subjecting him to the compulsion of unlimited competition, has proved abortive. If the Negro is to be made to work at wages, it must be by filling the place with abundance of labor, as in Barbados. A short cut to such a process would be, to *buy* the Africans and free them. By that means, we should get plenty of the race, and could establish them in complete freedom, always excepting the compulsion of unlimited competition. It

is not *English* to buy our laborers, but it is African: "the African *will* be bought and sold; it is the fashion of his country," the revenue of his prince, the amusement of his betters, with whom the slave-hunt is like the fox-hunt with us. At any rate, do not let us, for a resultless experiment, go on "sacrificing English pith, toil, and money, to quashee," nor in the attempt "reduce other Tropical colonies to the condition of our own." In the view which we have thus compressed, Expertus completely adopts the philosophy of Régis, and the *Times* adopts Expertus. This is a new phase of the controversy.

It is scarcely changed in its character by the argument of "Olim Africanus," who instructs Expertus and the *Times* that all Africans are not idle. The besetting difficulty of England in her Tropical possessions, he says, has been to find laborers who can endure a vertical sun and who are also willing to work. Now there *are* African races that meet these two requirements. The Krooman is of this stamp. In most American whaling-vessels the harpooner is a Krooman; he rises even above the White races to posts of trust and energy: and discoverers in Africa have found that there are other Black tribes that partake the characteristics of the Krooman. Napoleon might assist in getting these African recruits through friendly understanding with Senegal. Perhaps so; and the idea is a new outlet from the Anglo-French difficulty. If M. Régis has been permitted to destroy the slave-trade treaties, Napoleon may assist in a new plan of filling the British West Indies, and America generally, with industrious Africans.

Long years since, it was shown in this journal as well as in the *Colonial Gazette*, that an industrious recruitment of the English West Indies was the true means of illustrating the capacity of the African race for industry at wages: subsequent years have been consumed in the endeavor to stop the slave-trade by forcible means, with the only practical effect of using the squadron as means of protecting the African smuggling-trade, that profitable traffic. Perhaps if the twenty years or so had been employed in filling the British West Indies with free Africans, however obtained, the vaunted superiority of free labor, even in the Black race, might have been exhibited. For the moment, however, we are less anxious to press this very ancient argument, than to point out the entire change in the style of the discussion. The leading organ in the English press has abandoned the old Anti-Slavery ground, and has taken up the new Freed African ground. The very change in the form of the discussion constitutes an event.

## ARTESIAN WELLS IN THE DESERT OF SAHARA.

THERE are two well-known facts from which it might have been inferred *à priori* that Artesian wells were eminently practicable in the Great Desert of Africa. The first fact is, that the desert is bounded on its longest sides by high ranges of mountains—the Atlas on the north, and the Abyssinian, Gebel Kumri, and Guinea Mountains on the south: the second, that there do actually exist in many parts of the desert numerous springs and fountains, which cannot be supposed to have their origin anywhere but in the mountains aforesaid, and which in their turn give rise to those spots covered with luxurions vegetation known as *oases*. From these two facts, it is easy to pass to the inference, that, if fissures or channels were artificially made in the earth's crust, in the more sterile parts of the desert, water would also issue forth through them; and that, by repeating the process, the fertility of the soil might be so prodigiously increased, that the desert should "rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Doubtless, somewhat similar reasonings were pursued by the French colonists in Algeria, who, as we learn from the "Moniteur Algerian," have recently been making some highly-interesting experiments in that neighborhood. Altogether, five wells have been bored, and others are in progress. The first was in the province of Constantine at Oued-Rir, near Samerna, and was executed by a detachment of the Foreign Legion, conducted by the engineer, M. Jus. The operation lasted about a month; at the termination of which period, a splendid jet of water, yielding rather more than a gallon per minute, rushed forth to bless the thirsty soil. Its temperature was 21° Réaumur (about 79° Fahrenheit); and the Marabouts, at a solemn consecration of the fountain, gave it the name of the "well of peace." The superstitious natives very naturally regarded the work as miraculous; and when the intelligence of the affair spread towards the south, multitudes flocked to witness it. A second well was bored at Temaken, and yielded upwards of eight gallons per minute, of the same temperature as the former. This was also ceremoniously consecrated, and received the name

of the "well of bliss." The third was the finest stream of all, yielding thirty gallons a-minute, but of a slightly lower temperature. Its situation was not far from that of the second, at a place called Tamelhat. Here the Marabouts, in the presence of the whole population, thanked the soldiers, and gave them a banquet, and afterwards escorted them homewards in solemn procession. The fourth was at Sidi-Nached, an oasis that had been almost destroyed by the drought; and yielding as it does more than ten gallons a-minute, the emotions with which it was welcomed by the inhabitants may be at least faintly conceived. The first rush of the water being announced by the shouts of the soldiers, the inhabitants flocked in immense numbers to the spot, and bathed themselves and their children in what was to them a river of life. The aged Emir, with bended knees and streaming eyes, in the presence of all the people, gave thanks to God, and implored his blessing on those to whom they were indebted for a boon so inestimably great. The fifth was bored at Oum Thiour, and yielded about twenty-six gallons a-minute. Immediately on its completion, the neighboring tribes took a first step towards the abandonment of their nomadic life, by planting several hundred date-palm-trees, at which spot a village will soon spring up. The effect which the multiplication of these wells will eventually produce upon the civilization of Africa can scarcely be estimated. Anything that tends to withdraw nomadic tribes from their unsettled mode of existence, and induces them to engage in agricultural and mechanical pursuits, has assuredly an elevating influence. And nothing was wanted in the neighborhood of the Sahara, to render such pursuits possible, but water. In every part of that sterile tract, wherever a spring of water breaks through the soil, there vegetation flourishes: and wherever vegetation flourishes, and water can be found for man and beast, there the desert tribes begin to settle, and cultivate a home. A sense of mutual interdependence soon follows, concessions are exchanged, and peaceable dispositions are cherished. And there is no race of men so inhuman, as not to appreciate the advantages which such a mode of life possesses over that of the wandering, fighting, precariously-fed nomad.—*Titan*.

From The Athenæum.

*Gallery of the Masterpieces of German Woodcutting, in Fac-simile Copies*—[*Galerie der Meisterwerke, &c.*]. With illustrative Remarks by Dr. Von Eye and Jacob Falke. Part I. (Nuremberg, Schmid; London, Williams & Norgate.)

DR. EYE and Mr. Falke are both gentlemen connected with the Nuremberg Museum. This work is to contain fac-similes, obtained not by photography, but by some new process, of the finest old woodcuts of Cranach, Dürer, &c. German woodcutting, contemporaneous with the German Reformation, typifies the freedom, daring, and truthfulness of that great religious progress. The awkward flapping-portfolio size of this work is the only drawback to its usefulness in tracing the history, through its rise and progress, of this interesting and important branch of art. The first number of this periodical is published in the quaint old city of Nuremberg, within sight of the blue, Franconian mountains. It contains "A Herald riding on a Griffin," by Burghmann,—a colossal head of Christ, by Dürer,—and "The Apostles," by Cranach:—all the size of the original, and full of a strong, and almost brutal life, quite unattainable in these nervous and thinner-skinned days. The griffin and rider-plate is from "the triumph of the chivalrous and hot-headed Emperor Maximilian," and is a fine example of the art so characteristic of the sixteenth century, in which it flourished, and worthy the strong hand of Hans,—who, one would think, had not only seen but kept a griffin. At this time the German mind was awaking to freedom, to increased sensitiveness, and firm earnestness. The German fancy and humor were at their climax; and the great struggle for the right of conscience, that roused every man to the fullest exercise of his powers, had already begun. The nation was simple, prosperous, religious, and happy,—the four great necessities for great Art. Deep vital imagination animates Burghmann's beast; every limb ramps with Titanic nerve and strength; he has united a thousand strange elements of fancy with one organic individuality. What do we see? A huge beast with the wings of a vulture, the legs of a lion, and the claws of an eagle. It is twenty hands high at least, and fourteen feet long. It has wild boar's ears, and a bird's head; its

claws are of enormous strength; it lashes the air of fairyland with a lion's tail; its vast pinions would overshadow a church, and are of tremendous stretch. It tramples on an Albert Dürer soil of dock-leaves and pebbles. Its body, lean and agile, swells with muscle. It is huge and ghastly as a monster of the Apocalypse. On his back rides a sort of naked gladiator, crowned with laurel, blowing on a strange garlanded horn, while a great winding scroll billows from his neck, as he puffs with earnest eyes and swollen cheeks. "Observe," as Mr. Ruskin says; the brawny limbs of the rider, how securely he rides on the beast's shoulder, supported by the wing. Mark the creature's threatening eyes, and its great mane of feathers. Nothing is left to the fancy. The breadth has lines to imply it, and the sweep of lines is eminently powerful and impressive.

Dürer's colossal head of Christ deserves careful study. We all know that Raphael declared that if he had lived among the masterpieces of Art, he would have surpassed "all of us." We know that he was the son of a Nuremberg goldsmith, who, after travelling four years as an itinerant painter, returned home and married Agnes Frey, a rich shrew. His wife was a manager, (a dreadful virtue), and poor Albert worked for his bread and had tears to salt it with. He died in misery in 1528. Protestantism starved its great painter and gave him no work, being too spiritual for such materialities. Dürer, with the wonderful fertility of the old mind, was at once a sculptor, a copper and wood engraver, a mathematician, a painter, and an engineer. This head is a disputed work, and sometimes wants his great monogram. It is full of grand dignity, and majestic suffering. It shows us both Christ the victim and Christ the judge of the world. It is grander than the Phidian Jove and finer than any Grecian Jupiter. Much as all Christian representations of God must partake of that type of all majesty possible in man, its simple, earnest strength is of the sledge hammer force, not a superfluous line not a line deficient. Every ring of the beard curls, every thick nail of the thorns, every wave of the hair, is done at once and without feeble retouching. This wood-cutting is the play of a strong mind and a vigorous, robust hand. There is healthy pleasure in this power; no nervous straining or morbid

tip-toeing. Now for Cranach's Apostles. Lucas was, like Dürer, the son of a painter, and his own wood-cutter; he served the Elector of Saxony for fifty years. John and John Frederic he also faithfully ministered to, and when nearly seventy shared the captivity of his master when taken prisoner after the battle of Muhlberg. He eventually died working in their service. Cranach was Mayor of Wittenberg and a friend of Luther and Melancthon, whose portraits he painted.

His works are full of quiet repose, simplicity, and a child-like humor. Piety and religious fervor always animate his power. These Apostles are taken from an illustrated history of relics preserved in Wittenberg Cathedral. Here is St. Paul with his sword, St. Matthew with his square, St. Andrew with his cross, St. Thaddæus with his club, St. Peter with the keys, and another St. Paul with two swords. The figures, though coarse and sometimes approaching the ruffianly, look real apostles, capable of doing and suffering.

An English lady rescued from Lucknow, and who got away before the place was again invested, writes from Calcutta a vivid account of the scene just before the successful entrance of Havelock's force. She says the officers and engineers had announced that no human skill could avert their fate for twenty-four hours longer, and they must all prepare to die together. The women were engaged in the light duties which had been assigned them of carrying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with food and coffee. Suddenly a young Scotch woman, wife of a corporal, who had been helpless from fear and excitement, and lay down on the ground exhausted, jumped up with a wild, unearthly scream, and a look of intense delight, exclaiming, "Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin,' its the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!" Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor.

All other ears in the garrison failed to hear anything but the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry for some time, and gradually after listening awhile, gave way to a murmur of bitter disappointment among the men and wailing among the women. Presently the young women sprang to her feet and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line—"Will ye no believe it noo? D'ye hear, d'ye hear?" At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer.

Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great sound of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of "God save the Queen," they replied by the well known strain that moves every Scot to tears, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," &c. After that nothing else made any impression on me.

It would have been strange indeed if the literary activity of the land of professors had left unexplored the history of its own Universities. Nor can Germany be reproached with any such neglect; but her University history is, to a great extent, the history of separate localities. There is still room for works which, disregarding the minuter shades of difference, shall give a general picture of the state of the higher educational institutions at different periods. M. Zarncke has turned his attention to their condition during the Middle Ages. He has already edited a series of documents illustrative of the history of the University of Leipzig\* during the first 150 years of its existence; and he proposes, if the work before us obtains a favorable reception, to publish a number of volumes, each containing matter calculated to throw light on the Universities of Germany in general, and on that of Leipzig in particular. Among the most curious contents of this volume is the "Manuale Scholarium"—the product of an age when Latin was still used for all University purposes, and considered as a language which had special and almost magical virtues, the peculiar gift of Heaven to all who cultivated science and literature. The "Manuale" is arranged somewhat on the plan of the handbooks of travel-talk of the present day, and contains dialogues on all sorts of subjects likely to engage the attention of a freshman, whose tongue was more accustomed to the dialect of his native village than to that of the learned. It may easily be imagined how admirably calculated such a composition is to disclose to us the life of the times in which it was used. It instructs us alike by its contents and its omissions.—*Saturday Review*.

\* *Die Deutschen Universitäten im Mittelalter*. Leipzig: T. O. Weigel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.



LOLLARD, ORIGIN OF THE TERM.

It will tend to elucidate this subject somewhat, if it can be ascertained with any degree of certainty what was the family name of Walter Lollard, the founder of the sect called "Lollards." With this view I have selected the testimony of various writers who have given accounts of Lollard and his followers. In a *Brief View of Ecclesiastical History*, published at Dublin about thirty years since, I find him spoken of as

"Walter Raynard, sometimes called Lollard, at first a Franciscan, afterwards having embraced the doctrine of the Waldenses, preached the Gospel, and was burnt at Cologne in 1322. He disseminated his opinions among the English."

I put this account first as giving fair ground for the inference that Lollard was a "sobriquet," rather than a family name. However, in a former number of "N. & Q." (for Mar. 27, 1852), one of your correspondents, "J. B. McC.," in an inquiry "Where Lollard was buried, and what became of his bones," \* quoting from Heda, mentions a "Mattheus Lollaert" therein referred to "as the founder of the sect of the Lollards," and he suggests that "the form of the name *Lollaert* would make it more probable that Lollard was a Dutchman, which agrees very well with the account that he preached in Germany." In the *Diet. Univ. of Paris* his name is given "Lollard or Lohard," and his followers are called "Lollardistes." In a note on the "Lowlards' Tower" in Stowe, reference is made to the derivation from *Lolium*, and the occurrence of "Loller" in Chaucer, going on to say,—"while in *Zieman's 'Mittel-hach Deutsches Worterbuch,' we find Lol-bruoder, Lohart, a lay brother.*"—*Survey of London*, W. J. Thoms' edit., 1842. p. 138.

In the *Encycl. Britann.*, art. "Lollards," it is stated, after the mention of the current opinion that the sect derived its name from Walter Lollard—

"Others think that Lollard was no surname, but merely a term of reproach applied to all heretics who concealed the poison of error under the appearance of piety. . . . Abelly says, the word Lollard signifies 'praising God,' from the German 'loben,' to praise, and 'Herr,' Lord; because the

Lollards employed themselves in travelling about from place to place singing psalms and hymns.

"Others, much to the same purpose, derive 'Lolhard,'—lullhard, lollert, lullert (as it was written by the ancient Germans) from the old German word *Lallen, lollen* or *lullen*, and the *-hard* with which many of the High Dutch words end. *Lollen* signifies 'to sing with a low voice,' and therefore 'Lollard' is a singer, or one who frequently sings, and in the vulgar tongue of the Germans it denotes a person who is continually *praising God* with a song, or singing hymns to his honor. The Alexians or Cellites were called 'Lollards,' because they were public singers who made it their business to inter those who died of the plague, and sang a dirge over them in a mournful and indistinct tone as they carried them to the grave. The name was afterwards assumed by persons that dishonored it. . . . In England the followers of Wickliffe were called 'Lollards' by way of reproach, from some affinity there was between some of their tenets, though others are of opinion that the English Lollards came from Germany."

*Webster* favors the derivation from "*lallen lollen*," to prate or sing, deriving "loll" from the same source, which last idea is more strikingly given by Dr. Johnson, who states under "Loll,"—

"Of this word the etymology is unknown: perhaps it might be contemptuously derived from *Lollard*, a name of great reproach before the Reformation, of whom one tenet was that *all trades not necessary to life were unlawful*."

Bailey, after alluding to Walter Lollard, quaintly adds, "others" (derive the name) from *lolium*, cockel or darnel, as being tares among the Lord's wheat," the origin of which is quoted in *Lyttleton (Hist. Eng.)*, who says:

"Whence the appellation of Lollards arose is a matter of doubt. Perhaps the words of Gregory XI. may furnish a clue that will lead us to the origin of the name. In one of his bulls against Wickliffe he censures the clergy for suffering *Lolium* or darnel to spring up among the wheat, and urges them to aim at the extirpation of this *lolium*."

He afterwards adverts to the more reasonable opinion that the Wickliffites derived the name of "Lollards" from their resemblance to the sect founded by Walter Lollard. The learned Dean of Westminster in his *Study of Words*, classes the term with those of

\* The misprinting of "buried" for burned in this article tends rather to obscure the sense of the writer, who evidently alludes to the current belief that Lollard was burned (not buried) alive at Cologne.

*cagot, roundhead, &c.*, suggesting, however, that it may have been derived from Walter Lollard. The queries I would wish to put are these:

1. Was the real name of Walter Lollard, Raynard, as given in the above extract?
2. When did the term arise, and are we

to attribute its application to the Wickliffites as a term of reproach, according to the tenor of Pope Gregory's bull?

I see one of the publications of the Camden Society has reference to this question.—*Notes and Queries.*

**THE WIND OF PROJECTILES.**—The fact that a cannon-ball passing close by a living subject exercises a lateral pressure on the air sufficient to produce contusion has often been asserted, and as often denied. On this disputed matter M. E. Pelikan, of St. Petersburg, has just presented a paper to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, giving an account of certain experiments instituted with a view to set the question at rest. Having obtained the concurrence of the Russian government, M. Pelikan caused a cylinder of sheet iron, one foot in diameter, to be constructed, with a piston moving easily inside. The piston-rod was provided at its outer extremity with a black lead pencil to mark the recoil on a slip of paper. The whole apparatus was firmly fixed on a strong, wooden frame. The piston and piston-rod weighed 8lb., and a force of 1 1-2lb. was requisite to make the piston recoil an inch. At four metres' distance from the frame a wooden screen was erected, in order to ascertain the distance of the projectile from the piston at the moment of its passage. Although the experiments instituted in 1843 and 1844 in the arsenal of Washington, by Major Mordey proved that at the distance of 48 feet the gases emanating from the powder have no effect upon the ballistic pendulum, a second screen was placed before the other, at 5 metres' distance from the apparatus, in order to protect it, if necessary, from the action of these gases. A 40lb. howitzer was then placed at a distance of 14 metres from the first screen, the charge of powder being 4lb.; the velocity of the projectile at that distance was equal to that of a bombshell projected with a 7lb. charge—viz., 956 feet per second. The results obtained showed,—1, that at a distance of 3 inches, the piston remained immovable; 2, that even when the projectile broke off a part of the wooden frame supporting the cylinder the piston gave no indication of motion; 3, but that if the projectile just grazed the surface of the piston, a recoil of 2 inches was obtained; 4, if, on the other hand, a fragment of the frame hit the cylinder, the piston, instead of moving backwards, would move forwards about 3 1-2 lines; 5, if the cylinder, instead of being placed parallel to the screens, was placed obliquely, a recoil would take place of from one quarter to one-half of an inch. Hence M. Pelikan concludes that, since the piston required a force of 1 1-2 lbs. in order to be moved an inch, and the wind of a cannon-ball can never be expected to

exercise such a force, the passage of a projectile close to a living subject will only produce an insignificant effect, which cannot amount to a contusion.

THE Royal Society is contemplating a Catalogue of all the papers on mathematics and physics which are scattered through the Transactions of scientific Societies and the periodical journals. Such a thing is wanted more than the bulk of our readers can easily conceive. It is past the power of any man to know what has been written in his own subject. To wade through the volumes is impossible: to look through their contents, though difficult and repulsive is still practicable, if those contents can be tabulated in one volume. The whole subject of indexing is in a most unsatisfactory state. The piles of literature accumulate, and the means of knowing what they contain become relatively worse and worse every year. No publisher can safely undertake works of reference, even if the manuscript were presented gratis: and the work is of the kind which is not done for love by one man of research out of five hundred. The time of those who wish to be accurate is wasted, and there is no one who ventures to exhaust a subject as he thinks, but finds something material which it vexes him to have omitted before the sheets have been bound together. What will this end in? Either an almost total abandonment of complete works on any subject, or an *Index Society*. But no such society will ever exist until there is such a feeling on the subject that the affluent part of the community are prepared to support it with adequate liberality. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of men in the country, each of whom would take one volume per annum on a subject he thoroughly knows, and furnish a minute index of its contents gratis, if there existed a central body on whom he could rely for the proper junction of all the contributions, supported by the thousands whose great work of reference, the banker's book, shows columns of very different amounts. The time will come when the importance of this subject begins to be estimated. In the meantime, the Royal Society will be encouraged, we hope to face a scientific evil which is severely felt. A Committee has reported on the basis of taking for granted that a quarter of a million of titles of papers should be counted on, from all kinds of serial works.—*Athenæum.*

## SIMPLE PEOPLE AND THEIR INVESTMENTS.

THERE is so much truth, sagacity, and practical usefulness in the following little article of the *Scotsman* newspaper of November 17th, that we believe we must be conferring a public benefit in helping to extend its circulation :

About joint-stock companies there lurk many obstinate and mischievous prejudices in the human mind, confusing the relations of debtor and creditor. When a merchant possessed of just five thousand pounds invests it all in boxes of indigo, and sells them at a tempting price to a buyer, who fails to pay him; he goes into the *Gazette*, of course, and the result is counted in the natural order of things, for he had his eyes open, and must have known that he ran some risk. He is to some extent, in fact, a gambler—he tables his stake, and he pays the loser's forfeit. But the retired half-pay officer, the widow, the slenderly endowed old maid, do not perceive that they may be doing precisely the same thing when they lay out their £500 in the shares of a joint-stock company. They do not speak of trading—they say they are investing. If the joint-stock company sell to unsound purchasers, or lend to precarious debtors, they risk the individual partners' money as much as if he did the same thing with it. And yet how many people, who would not entertain for a moment the notion of risking their money in trade, or of lending it to some private borrower who proposes to do so, will, without hesitation, hand it over to a joint-stock company to be gambled with as the managers may please. Nor is there generally, in times when all runs smooth, the slightest anxiety about the soundness of the "investment," or any curiosity to know what those who have taken the pittance into their clutches are doing with it; but there is a child-like reliance not only on their honesty, but on the extreme prudence of men generally of a class who being ever ready to risk their own wealth on the chances of extravagant profits, cannot be expected to resist the temptation of throwing other people's money into the game, especially when they are neither controlled nor even watched.

Individual thrift makes public wealth, and individual losses make public calamities. It surely tends to support the hallucination which causes these calamities, that in mercantile nomenclature the losses of shareholders

are not losses to the public. It has been the boast of the Scottish banking-system that every bank truly founded on it has paid 20s. in the pound to every note-holder, and to every depositor; but how has this been accomplished? By the ruin of whole tribes of shareholders. And the shareholder, is he not a man and a brother—is not the shareholder often in the position of a helpless sister? If a hundred poor depositors have their savings restored to them, is it nothing that a hundred poor shareholders have lost all their humble investments?

There seems in the meantime no remedy for risks and disasters, such as we have been referring to, but individual prudence. In the first place, let humble investors eschew large and tempting profits or percentages, for these are the sure concomitants of risks. But further, they ought to be assured about the business of the joint-stock company in which they embark their capital, as if they were embarking it in business entirely of their own. They cannot, of course, make themselves acquainted with the several transactions of the company, but they should know that it does not speculate in fluctuating sales—like an eminent bank which speculated in indigo, an article liable to great oscillations in value—and that it does not advance money on insufficient or tainted security. It is hard, perhaps, for those who are not men of business to assure themselves on these points, but unless they know them either through their own skill or the assurance of adepts whom they can trust, they must keep in mind that in buying shares they do not *invest* their money—they *speculate* with it. The vast enlightened enterprise—the great prosperity of the company—will be no effective substitute for such a knowledge, for the bold operations which are likely to bring it to ruin will readily invest it with these characteristics. . . . When the humble seeker of an investment sees the names of capitalist potentates in a list of directors, he should remember that these are men who can afford to gamble for great prizes at the risk of losses, and he may be none the worse off keeping in recollection the story of the giant and the dwarf who went out together to battle. Even the new arrangements for establishing companies on limited responsibility, capable as they no doubt are of very beneficial results, must not supercede individual prudence and inquiry. Let the natural limitation of the word "limited" be duly remembered. It does not exclude the subscribed capital from loss. He who subscribes £500 to such a company is warranted against further loss, but he may lose that £500, and if it be, as it may be, all that he possesses, the limitation will be of small service to him.

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## TO ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible for us to return answers to anonymous correspondents, except in print; and it is not worth while to stereotype and print an answer that would be of no interest to the public.—When a reader has a question to ask, or advice to give, if he will supply his name and address we will endeavor to send him a respectful answer. Years ago somebody in Baltimore wrote us letter after letter complaining that there was no Index or Title page to his volume. Had he sent his address we could in a few lines have told him where to find it. But instead of this he persisted (with a steadiness showing a great mind) in writing for a printed answer. Whether this correspondent finally by cutting the leaves of his copy found the Index, or from being gathered to his grandmothers was unable to continue his communications, or whether he took some more active part in the history of the world (we think it was about the time Louis Napoleon returned to France) we cannot say; but, so far as we are concerned, he ceased.—R. I. P.

## LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English Language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

This work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, *Westminster North British*, *British Quarterly*, *New Quarterly*, *London Quarterly*, *Christian Remembrancer*, and other Reviews; and Blackwood's noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and contributions to Literature, History and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the learned and sedate *Saturday Review*, the studious and practical *Economist*, the keen *toy Press*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's* and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*, and *Dickens' Household Words*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of the *Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

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